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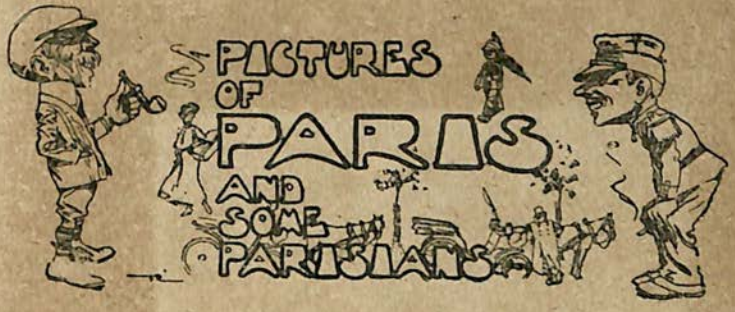

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At a Fair

PICTURES OF PARIS & SOME PARISIANS

BY

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

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CONTAINING FORTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY FRANK REYNOLDS

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LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1908

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Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians

The Cabaret des Quatz'-Arts

"BONJOUR, Messieurs, Madame, la compagnie." The voice, a gramophonic, wheezy little voice, came from somewhere below our knees, and looking down from contemplation of the pictures, we saw a personage who, save that he had no pointed cap upon his head, and was dressed in a suit of customary black, might well have been one of the goblins who made off with Gabriel Grub.

"Cakesy sah?" said Harold, who is proud of his French.

"Chasseur d'Afrique!" said the New Yorker, this being his favourite exclamation, and one of the few French expressions of which he really has a mastery.

"Permit," the Vicomte said, bowing to Mademoiselle, "permit I make the introduction."

He removed that queer, flat-brimmed top-hat of his, which Mademoiselle says *will* remind her of Mr. Frank Nainby, turned his toes out and elbows in, and "made

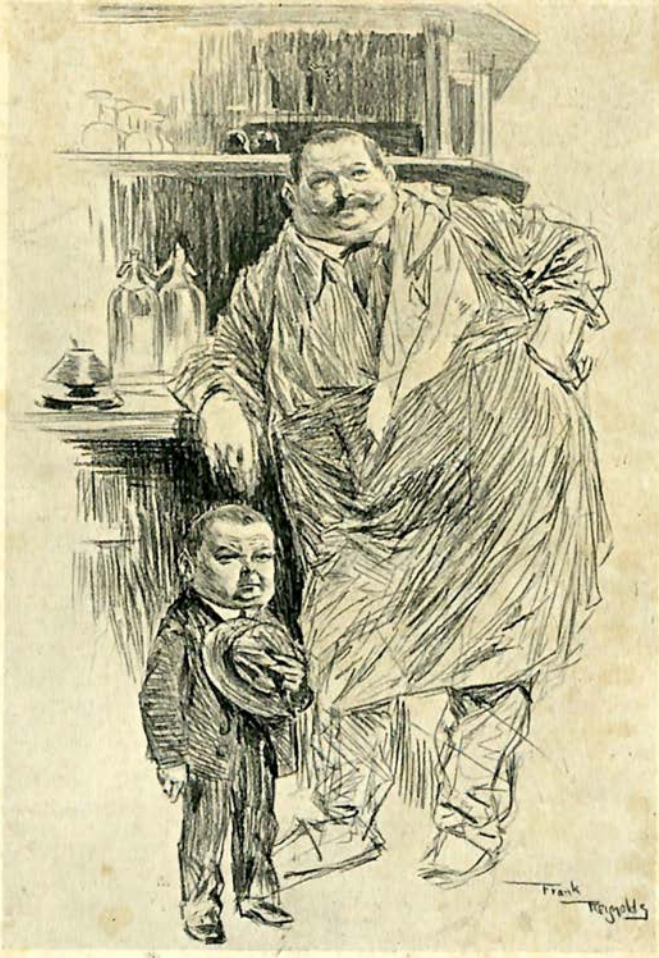
the introduction" thus, in polished French ; "Le Club of the Café : Monsieur Auguste, le Dwarf of the Quatz'-Arts, singster inimitable." And in a lower voice to Harold, "There are two of him."

Harold was saying that there hardly seemed to be sufficient to make one of him, and the Vicomte, whom we love to have about with us as much as possible, because his English teaches us more about idiomatic French than we could ever learn from grammars, began explaining that he meant that besides Auguste, there was another tiny little man, named Delphin, in the same line of business, when Théophile, the burly drawer, leaned forward over his beer-frothed zinc-covered counter and reminded us that the door to the concert room was open. So we took the hint and went in.

A low-ceilinged room, which the two beams seem to make lower-ceilinged still, panelled in oak—dark oak ; an atmosphere of coffee fumes and of tobacco smoke ; small tables of the breadth of rout seats, cane-bottomed chairs in rows ; pictures by Steinlen, Caran d'Ache, Guillaume, Léandre, Truchet, Guirand de Scaevola, and a dozen other Masters of Montmartre ; plaster casts on carved oak brackets, a piano and a baby platform in one corner, and a sergent de ville a good deal more than half asleep in the other.

"He cuts the songs up rough when necessary," said the Vicomte, thus explaining that the sergeant of the town was there as the official representative of the censor.

The audience was a very cinematograph of Paris.



Auguste and Théophile of the Cabaret des Quatz Arts

Men-about-town in evening dress, accompanied by ladies gorgeously attired, who rustled silk and sprayed the thickness of the atmosphere with mingled perfumes ;

young shopmen seeing life ; artists in shoals, and of all kinds, from the Svengali type to the well-dressed and neatly-booted arrivé from the Parc Monceau district ; men of music, men of letters, men without them ; men of business ; and of women every class except the one which does not wear a hat when out of doors. For no head-covering in the evening in Paris means, not a woman of the world or half-world, who has been

out to dinner and the theatre, but one who would not care to face the slumbering representative of law and order in the corner.

A man in a semi-military coat, close-buttoned to the throat—to emphasise, no doubt, the fact that what he has of linen is extremely dirty—steps up on to the platform.

"Our excellent comrade, cleverest of men, notre ami Dominus, will now oblige," he says. He is Dominus himself, and without further prelude save a rippling vamp from the accompanist, he throws himself headlong into a ditty of his own composition. The waiter who was serving drinks leaves everything just where it is and scurries to the door, for the performers here are singer-poets, and will not let themselves be interrupted by the clatter of soucoupes and spoons.

After his song—a cruel attack upon that most unpopular of ministers M. Combes—Dominus sings another, one which would make a gendarme blush, and which the Vicomte tries, but fails to Bowdlerise for Mademoiselle. Then he recites, throws his head backwards—that's his way of bowing—and disappears.

Other song poets follow, and a shadow plays upon a tiny curtain two feet square which is behind the pianist. It is an extraordinary and lifelike parody of the street singer outside a café, singing a sentimental ballad with all kinds of interruptions, and the audience so rises at it that some of them offer coppers. Then more songs and more recitations, political, pathetic, laughable, and

blush-inspiring, and "La parole passe à notre amie, Georgette de Bertigny," says the last singer.

A concentrated essence of despair.

There is a hum of interest, and as she does not come immediately, we compare notes and all agree how curiously artistic is the show. Our entertainers, although their profession is to write songs, and singing them is

but a short road to their wares' advertisement, are all of them born actors, and their casual manner of communing with the audience between the verses is extraordinarily effective. The whole thing is more like a friendly evening at the Sketch Club than a paying show. We are here in Bohemia, and good-fellowship is in the air —what there is of it.

Then Georgette de Bertigny steps out through the haze, and stands, a tragic little figure, on the platform by the piano. Her hair and eyes are ebon-black; her face, thin-lipped and pale, is like a mask of ivory. There is no life whatever in it. She stands there like a tragedy in miniature, her hands behind her back, unseeing, motionless. Then to a low, monotonously, modulated melody, she sings a song of utter misery and passion, and as she sings, her eyes and face light up. The mask of ivory gleams as though there were living light behind it, and the sweet low voice stirs us as but few singers can. The music ceases. And the light behind the ivory goes out again as Georgette bows her thanks for our enthusiasm.

"The woman is a concentrated essence of despair," said Harold with a gulp. "Let us get out."

"What is the cause of it?" whispers Mademoiselle, wiping her eyes.

"Morphia," replies the Vicomte, tersely; "morphia —and probably a man."

Since the above was written, the dwarf Auguste has gone the way of dwarfs and bigger men. A few days

since Delphin, his comrade who led the mourners at his funeral, told me that Auguste's mother, a woman of normal size, had died of grief at the little fellow's loss. "Que voulez-vous?" said Delphin. "She had three other sons, but there was only one Auguste."

The Camelot

IT was about two o'clock, on the Alexander III. bridge, which connects the Champs Elysées with the Invalides. Paris had lunched, and Paris was strolling and sunning itself, looking at the river with its almost unbroken line of crowded "bateaux mouches" on their way to Suresnes or to Auteuil.

In a word, Paris was enjoying its holiday as it loves to enjoy a holiday in early summer, "en flânant"—in aimless loitering. Then came the "camelot." I do not, as a rule, care about using French words sandwiched into English prose, but "street hawker" translates the camelot as inadequately as the words "aimless loitering" translate "flâneur."

For your "flâneur" in mind, at all events, is very busy, though he would scorn the idea if it were suggested to him. And the camelot—well, I will tell you what the camelot, whom we saw this afternoon on the Pont Alexandre III., did, and the way he did it.

He carried a red box, oblong shape. It looked like a box in which Punch, Judy, the Beadle, and dog Toby live when they are off duty. This he put down in the middle of the pavement. He did not open it, but after pushing his straw hat to the back of his head he put his hands in his pockets and gazed at it meditatively.

A nursemaid with a baby and a perambulator stopped to look at him. "Ah!" he said sharply, and brought both hands out of his pockets, a matchbox in one of them. He opened the matchbox, put half of it to the right and half of it to the left of his red box, looked at them for a moment with his head aside, then picked them up, clucked "Tst tst" with his tongue, and placed them on the top of the box side by side. "Voilà!" he said.

There were three soldiers, an errand boy, a pastry-cook, and five or six other people watching him now, in addition to he nurse and her baby, and ourselves. "Ha!" said the camelot sharply.

And he placed the top of the matchbox on end, rubbed his hands with apparent satisfaction, and hummed a tune. Up to this moment, he had taken no notice whatever of the crowd, which by now numbered eighteen or twenty people. I have seen camelots before, and remained leaning against the parapet of the bridge, but Hawkins, who was over in Paris for a couple of days, was interested and stepped up closer.

"Vive l'entente cordiale!" said the camelot, taking his hat off to Hawkins, "Vive l'entente cordiale, monsieur!" Hawkins blushed scarlet, looked extremely shamefaced, and replied "Cheero!"

Daintily and with infinite precaution, as though they were jewels of price, the camelot picked seven red-stemmed, yellow-tipped wooden matches out of their open box and put them on end in cracks along the lid of the larger box. "A little room now, come then, if

you please." And he enlarged the circle round him—it numbered over fifty people now—as Uncle Bones used to do on the sands in the days of my youth.

Then all of a sudden, to the surprise of the crowd, the camelot picked up his box, pocketed his matches, put his straw hat straight, and strolled off, for all the world as though he were out for his pleasure, and were carrying a heavy box about with him because he liked it.

"What the —— !" began Hawkins.

I showed him the policeman on a bicycle, who was riding slowly across the bridge, and explained that in Paris the collection of crowds in the open street was usually followed by a fine. The policeman passed and the camelot returned.

He began operations again, with exactly the same proceedings except that, noticing that Hawkins was still interested, he varied his entente cordiale greeting with a request to the crowd to allow Hawkins to stand in front.

"You can see it any day," he said, "but Monsieur, in spite of his admirable French"—the only French word that Hawkins knows is "encore" and that he can't pronounce—"is evidently a foreigner. Monsieur may possibly be leaving Paris soon. A little courtesy, my friends. Come, now, let Monsieur stand in front."

The two halves of the matchbox and the seven red matches with their yellow tips were in position. The camelot stood back, looked at them carefully, shading his eyes from the sun as he did so, and then put three

Vive L'Armée

bright halfpennies on the red box immediately behind the matches. "Ah!" said the crowd expectantly.

"See then," said the camelot, "how money talks," and with a quick movement he swept the halfpence, the matches, and the two halves of the matchbox off the red boxlid, and produced a handful of green envelopes. His first object had been gained. He had a crowd round him, a crowd a hundred strong, all of them amused and interested, some of them agape, and Hawkins in the front row.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have not kept you here to waste your time, and I will not waste it. If the President of the Republic to your left (he pointed to the Elysée) or the late Napoleon to your right (he pointed to the Invalides) be anxiously waiting for your visit, let them wait a little longer. I have something of importance to tell you. I am, unfortunately, not a man of business. If I were, I should be driving in my motor-car this afternoon instead of standing here in the sun.

"It is true that in that case I should not have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, nor should I have been able to confer the benefit upon you which I intend conferring. Each one of these envelopes contains an inestimable secret, the means of writing a letter either to your banker, to your sweetheart, or to any one on earth for that matter, except your widows or your orphans.

"Each envelope contains, I say, the means of writing a letter without the help of pen or ink. It only costs

two sous," a large proportion of the crowd melted away at the mention of money, but a good many remained,

and Hawkins among them, out of curiosity to see what would follow, "only two sous, ladies and gentlemen, only two sous! I ought to ask at least a hundred francs for my inestimable secret, but what will you? As I have said, I have never been a man of business."

A man in the crowd, evidently a confederate, bought the first envelope. The nursemaid bought the second, Hawkins the third, and the pennies came pouring in. "Make way for the others who want to buy, please."

Hawkins understood why he insisted on this when he had opened his envelope. It contained a sheet of paper with the words, "Use a pencil"!

The Other Montmartre

"BUT I'm sick of Montmartre," said Harold; "and surely it is not a place for Mademoiselle. The Cabaret du Ciel, the Cabaret de l'Enfer, the Néant, supper, the Moulin Rouge—my dear Vicomte, we know them all backwards; and, besides——"

"Ta-ta-ta-ta!" exclaimed the Vicomte. "Keep on your hair and do not beat the bush about. It is not those Montmartres we shall see at all; it is the real, the other. Come, Poupoule."

And, fitting ourselves, with that mathematical exactitude which is so necessary when you are more than two, into an open cab, we drove up to the base of one of those queer streets of steps which took us from the Boulevard Rochechouart on to the summit of Montmartre's hill.

"But that's the Sacré Cœur," said Harold, peevishly, as we stood gazing up at the huge mass of white masonry, which looked as though at any moment it might topple over on to Paris. "I've read about the Sacré Cœur in 'Baedeker,' and you can see it from the Boulevards and from most other places."

The Vicomte chuckled and ignored him. "You come with me," he said to Mademoiselle; "it is, your proverb says, a long street that does not turn round, and you shall see what you are going to see."

We followed meekly, laughing at Harold's peevish "Ally, nong, pas pour aujourd'hui, boulanger," with which he warded off the efforts of the beggars who attempted to be guides, skirted the great wall of the church for a few yards, turned to the right, sharp to the left, and gasped.

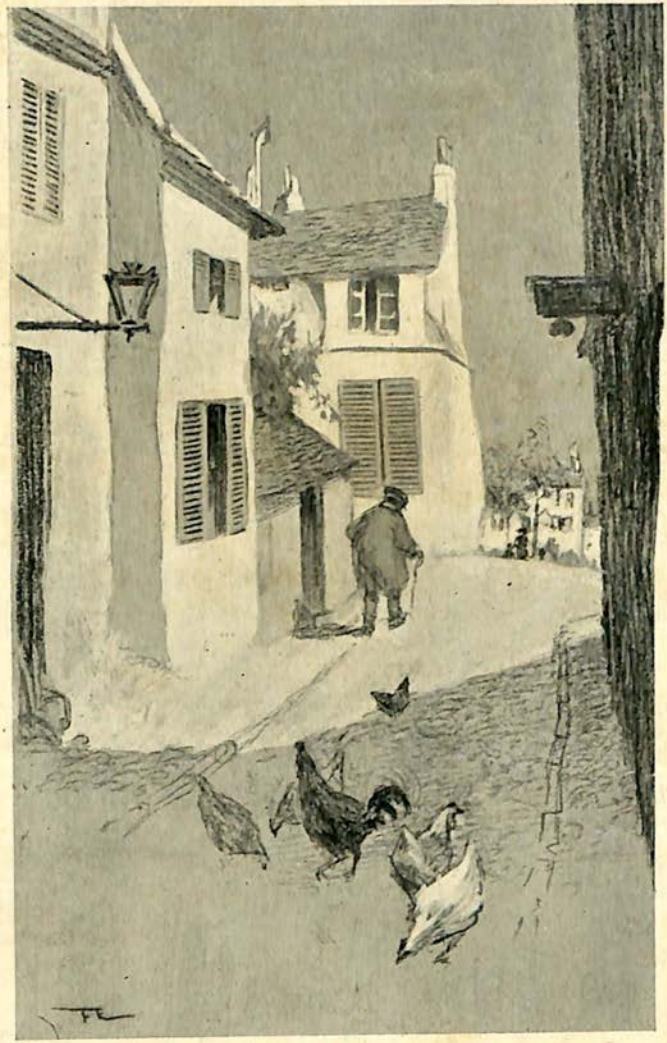
Paris had vanished, and we were in a little country village on a hill-top, a hundred miles from anywhere.

There were fowls in the streets, the houses were as picturesque as diversity of shape and architecture and evident want of sanitary arrangements of all kinds could make them, house-doors stood open, and pipe-smoking folk in shirt-sleeves lolled about in little gardens. The pavement was of cobble-stones, grass-grown, there was no traffic whatsoever, but over everything an atmosphere of peace that was like Edgeware in the eighteenth century.

"Can this be Paris?" murmured Mademoiselle.

"Mais non, mais non; it is Montmartre," said the Vicomte.

We had wandered into an open square, round which were houses somewhat more regularly built than the wee cottages we had been passing. It reminded me of little backwaters, so to speak, in some of the old towns of Southern France which I have seen—Toulon and Avignon, among others—and, as we sat upon a stone seat under a beech-tree, and looked round at the green-shuttered windows and the sleepy little arboured wine-shop in the corner, the Vicomte told us that this



In the other Montmartre

quiet square had seen some of the most stirring moments in the history of France.

"Saint Denis lost his head here, and, *ma foi*, a good time afterwards, other Parisians lost their heads as well, for here where we are sitting were the first fights of the Communards against the soldiery. The Communards, they had the cannon; the soldiery, they had their orders; and, when they called to the revolting citizens [Harold broke into a helpless giggle here, and some of the Vicomte's direct translations *are*, I admit, peculiar] to give them back the guns, these shouted, 'Take them, then!' and pushed two cannon to rush headlong down the streets you see."

We went to the edge of the hill, looked, and shuddered. Below us, Paris lay like a misty sea of house-roofs, and we seemed to be perched on an eyebrow of the world. To think of cannon flying down that slope into humanity-crammed alleys was terrific. "Ah, yes, it was a very messy combat!" said the Vicomte.

We strolled into our country hamlet once again, and sat down on rough benches round a table the legs of which had still their bark on them, and there we sipped tart-tasting wine, and tried to make the landlord chat with us, while, opposite, an old man, looking for all the world like Caspar when his work was done, sat puffing at a meditative pipe, and watching Peterkin and little Wilhelmine sport on the green before him.

And then we saw the real artist for whom we had hunted in vain over the Latin Quarter. He was tall,

dirty, long-haired, and unkempt. He smoked a long-stemmed pipe of cherry wood, his shirt was open at the neck, and he strolled slowly past us with a lady garbed in a dressing-gown and slippers.

In every street, on every side, as we went slowly downhill to the right, towards the Rue Lepic and Paris, were fresh delights. The shops up here are tiny village-shops. The washerwomen work in most artistic déshabille, short-petticoated, with bare feet in heelless slippers, and, just before we reached the noise and rush of traffic, cabs, cafés, and electric tramcars, we came upon an old-world garden in which a nun stood reading. The evening sun lit up the stained-glass window of a conservatory in the background, tinted the nun's ascetic face, and glinted on the broken bottles on the wall. We looked in silence for a moment, then went on in silence still, and not till we were in the noise of the Place Blanche could any of us speak. "By Jove!" said Harold, "and the tourist thinks he knows Montmartre!"

The real artist

The Conférencier

I BELIEVE Paris to be quite the most artistic city in the world. They talk more of art in Germany, perhaps; but there, as in London, art is too often a pose. I do not for an instant mean to suggest that in London, in Dresden, in Munich, in Darmstadt, in other art centres as well, there are not men and women who are true artists, but dress and cut their hair like other people. But there are few of them compared to the number of the colony of true art here in Paris, which loves art of all kinds for art's own sake.

This is a ponderous introduction to a small subject, for I am going to write of nothing very formidable; merely to describe an afternoon which I have spent in the art capital of Paris—in Montmartre. There were eight of us—seven men and one woman, who was there quite by accident, but who was allowed to stay if she would not object to shirt-sleeves. There was a big jug of iced beer on the table, matches and cigarettes here, there, and everywhere; "and the room is the ash-tray," said M. Maurice Lefèvre, the conférencier, who was going to introduce us to the France which we only knew through books of history, and which he proposed to bring to life again for us—to real, throbbing life by means of song.

Maurice Lefèvre is the first and last of the "con-

férenciers." Eleven years ago this big, bearded, burly man, who looks like a sailor or like anything else than the popular ideal of a man of delicate and refined artistic touch, drew all Paris to hear him at the little Théâtre de la Bodinière. His séances lasted an hour and a half. They were neither lectures nor readings, musical recitals nor stage plays, but they had something of all four, and they had the Attic salt of true originality about them.

M. Lefèvre was the fashion. Then others imitated him, and too many conférences, not too well done, became a nuisance. For the fact of the matter is that to be a conférencier, a man must have more in him than falls to the lot of most mortals. Maurice Lefèvre has the voice that charms. He is a born conversationalist and he can talk as easily to fifty people as to one, and keep them intensely and vividly interested. Explaining that he intended before long to introduce the old-time life of France, as described in its songs, to English audiences, he dropped right into the middle of his subject with the remark, "And when I have finished I should like to hear what you think of the idea."

When he had finished we were quite unable to tell him what we had been thinking, for this great big man, in unpoetic shirt-sleeves, who smoked cigarettes and drank beer between his songs and explanations, had played on our emotions for an hour as an artist plays upon a harp, and wrought us up far beyond criticism's pitch. He chatted with us of the eighteenth century, and of the dainty libertinism which prevailed in those days. A

moment afterwards he was singing an eighteenth-century song about a dainty little lady and a gallant in butter-coloured gloves, and I, for one, shut my eyes and lost the big man in the shirt-sleeves altogether. Then he glanced back to the time when kings and queens ruled over a manor-house and a few villages, and were as interested in the homely doings round them as kings and queens of to-day are in State affairs.

He sang us the death of King Renaud, the song which belongs as much to Brittany as to Normandy, and as much to England and Scotland and Ireland as to either—the wonderful song of the home-coming of Renaud, the village king, who has come home to die, and says to his old mother at the window:

"Ni de ma femme ni de mon fi'
Mon cœur ne peut se réjouir
Je sens la mort qui me transit
Mère, faites dresser un lit
Mais faites-le dresser si bas
Que ma femme n'entende pas.
Et quands ce fut vers le minuit
Roi Renaud rendit l'esprit."

There was nothing out of keeping in the way the big man crossed himself. I know my own eyes were wet, and I know that none of us had the courage to look at one another when the poor wife gave orders for the grave in which her husband lay, to be

"dug deep and wide
That baby may lie by our side."

A few minutes afterwards we were in another phase of life entirely—in the hard, material, cynical life of the country-folk at the beginning of the century, listening to the plaint of the hypocritical widow, who bewailed and rejoiced in a breath at the death of her husband:

"They'd shrouded him when I got in, . . . and I was free.
Used my best sheets for shrouds!—a sin!—ah, deary me!
Good sheets are soft upon my bed, and he can't use them now he's dead.
I loved him so, my Jabez, oh! the neighbours know I loved him so."

And then we came to the "Chanson Rosse"—for the "Chanson Rosse," in which M. Fursy has made his name to-day, was invented two centuries ago at least. And to show us that our own century was not voiceless, M. Lefèvre sang us one of Nadaud's songs, a dainty little ditty about the lovers of Adèle.

All songs in France, M. Lefèvre told us, are the direct outcome of the time in which they are written. They mark an epoch, and teach us a great deal more history than history-books can teach. We may think that there are no epoch-making songs to-day, but that is only because we are too close to our own time to see and understand it clearly.

"Any man who had openly said in the France of the Middle Ages that France did not believe in Christianity

would have been killed by an angry crowd," said M. Lefèvre. "Yet, listen to this song, which will show what a poet of that time—and a true poet—believed Christianity to mean." The name of the poet is forgotten, but his song is a wonderfully true picture of the time. A few simple chords on the piano, which reminded one somehow of incense and the great lonely stone aisles of a Catholic church. I smelled the incense quite clearly.

And then M. Lefèvre sang us the story of "Christ the Beggar-Man"—of how Our Lord, disguised as a beggar, begged for alms of a rich man who was supping, and craved a few crumbs from his table. "Why," said the rich man, "the dogs will eat the crumbs, and the dogs bring us hares and partridges. What good do the poor do us?"

The rich man's wife, who was at an upper window, beckoned Our Lord in and gave Him food. He asked her for a bed, and as she leads Him up to it angels light the way. "Do not be afraid," says Our Lord, "it is the moon that lights your stairway." And then He tells her that in two days she will die and go to Paradise, and to the husband threatens hell.

"That was not like Our Lord," said I.

"No," replied Maurice Lefèvre, "but that was the revengeful Christ, in whom French people believed when the song was written."

"Koshy"

"WE other moderns live," the Vicomte said, "of a rapidity all extraordinary. See, then, a wireless telegram from the old Hiram Peck, from full Atlantic. I shall be on the quay at Havre that I embrace him. To the reseeing. Au revoir, my friends."

"I think," said Mademoiselle next morning, trying not to look self-conscious, "that I should like to go and do a little shopping. Between the three of us, we ought to be able to make ourselves understood, and I am sure that Harold can say 'combien' with a Paris accent."

"Wee," said Harold, knowing the language, "weé. Here, garsong; combyang?" And he threw down a ten-franc piece and pocketed his change.

Of course, that was all right at the café, because

we knew the garçon, and he didn't cheat us enough for us to notice it; but hitherto our shopping exploits sans Vicomte had been a little hampered by the fact that, although Harold could ask "combien" smartly enough, directly the shopkeeper began to tell us "combien" we used to get into most fearful muddles as to whether it was "swossant-kings" or "swossant-sink," and whether it was "frongs" or centimes, and all sorts of other details. Harold considers to this day that a nation which can talk about a thing being worth seventy-fifteen anythings must necessarily be decadent, and everything in Paris certainly does cost quick-spoken francs and either seventy-fifteen or eighty-fifteen centimes, which is extremely aggravating to English-speaking folk.

But these remarks are somewhat immaterial, for, as it turned out, we didn't get to the shop that day at all.

"Koshy," said Harold, as we left the café, "koshy—I beg your pardon, cochon—no, it is koshy, and there's nothing to grin about, you fool."

Then we got into the cab. That was as far as we got for some time, because nobody had told the driver an address, and he apparently was in no hurry. He was a Robin-Redbreast cabman, large size—the kind that covers both of the lamps and bulges over into the cab behind him. He had a red face, four chins, and his glazed hat was at least two sizes small, several buttons of his robin-redbreast waistcoat were undone, and the eye of him was small and twinkling.

"Loover!" we all three shouted at once, suddenly rising to the situation; and "Hue, Cocotte!" said "koshy," lifting his Rosinante off the ground by the reins and re-depositing her some inches further on. Cocotte took the hint and ambled twenty-five yards. Then a man crossing the road in front of her blew his nose suddenly and she fell down.

A Paris cab-horse can fall down in a more complicated attitude of helplessness than anything on earth, and Cocotte managed to have one leg under her, and another one over the traces—and even then she didn't choose the string one, which might have been cut, but tucked herself into the off-side leather trace—while her two other legs pointed appealingly towards the Madeleine and the Bastille.

Robin Redbreast got down leisurely from the box and began to talk. He told Cocotte that she was a kind of an imbecile of a stuffed tomato. He added a request for information to the world in general as to whether it were not unfortunate, all the same, to have

a Government like that. He then told the pastry-cook's boy and the thirty or forty loiterers who had gathered around us that, "Ah, well, yes, if ever one has seen anything of equal, all the same! And, after all, I fish myself of it, me."

And then another cab-man, with a white hat, a fawn-coloured coat, a yellow carriage, and an absent-minded manner, locked wheels with the wreck, and we began to see life.

The crowd was terrific, and the oratorical powers displayed by Robin Redbreast and the man with the white hat were wonderful. I saw Harold surreptitiously take notes upon his shirt-cuff, and was just wondering whether he had grasped the fact that the white-hatted man had called his comrade a kind of a saucepan of a Japanese telephonist, when the policemen came.

There were two Sergeants of the Town, one white-moustached, red-faced, and full of body, the other long and spare, except as far as language was concerned. And both were gloriously energetic. Before anybody could have said "knife"—and I don't think anybody really wanted to say it, although most of the eighty or ninety people present had a good deal to say—before

anybody could have said "knife," I repeat, the long policeman had cornered an old lady, who was just asking me for information, up against the lamp-post,

and had taken down her name and address. His comrade was by that time acting as shuttlecock between White Hat and Robin Redbreast, who were arguing as to the respectability of their individual sisters and gesticulating wildly over his head and all about him. Then the pastrycook's boy gave his version of the affair, was cheered by the crowd, and suddenly rushed out of it by Short-and-Fat.

Meanwhile, the spare policeman was trying to spell Harold's name, but gave it up, and took down three or four other names instead, on general principles.

And then, just as we thought that we were going to be removed to a loathsome dungeon—for, though we couldn't understand quite what was going on, things looked threatening and the traffic had been stopped within a rádius of several hundred yards—Cocotte got up while nobody was looking at her, turned round, and laughed. She was a white mare with a very bony face, and Mademoiselle said that she reminded her of a maiden aunt of Harold's to whom she had been presented, in the Rye de Peckham.

And then we all got into the cab again. Robin Redbreast made a repair or two with some pieces of borrowed string, and we drove off. It was too late for the Louvre, so we went to the hôtel. The Vicomte was right. We *do* "live of a rapidity all extraordinary" here in Paris, for the incident had not taken quite two hours, and only cost us one franc-fifty and a pourboîre of twopence-halfpenny.

At a Paris Police Station

"YOU are requested to present yourself at the office of Mr. the Commissary of Police of the X Arrondissement at 10 o'clock on Friday, August 16." I read this aloud, and Fossette howled. Fossette is a brown poodle of grace and distinction, and of a great deal more than average intelligence, who accepts my hospitality. I wondered what I had done. I knew I had neither thieved nor murdered wittingly, but, after all, I am a foreigner in a strange land, and the ways of the French police are forcible and peculiar. So I felt nervous. And I did not like being called out of my bath at ten in the morning either. Please do not smile. If a man works late at night, he does not need to get up with the lark. Besides, nobody ever saw a lark get up in the middle of the night in town. When I am in the country, where the lark lives, I get up early myself. But I don't take an air-ship and sing about it. There was a printed notice at the bottom of my summons which requested me to bring "this invitation with me." Invitation, indeed! If it had occurred to me to refuse it, I suppose I should have been *passé à tabac*. But I am a law-abiding man.

By the way, you in England have no notion what a *passage à tabac* means. When two Paris policemen arrest somebody (no *one* Paris policeman ever does), the

arrested person usually protests. Then Policeman Number One, by way of explaining that he must come along quietly, thumps him in the back. He wriggles, struggles, probably swears, and Policeman Number Two gives him a knowing twist, which breaks his collar-stud in front and gives him a disreputable appearance. This has its importance, because it influences the opinion of Mr. the Commissary when the unfortunate prisoner protests later on. If the prisoner still protests after this handling, one policeman knocks him down, and the other picks him up again with considerable roughness. By this time he is ripe, and they run him into the police-station, tumbling him about and hurting him as much as they can as they go. You will understand why I thought it preferable to accept Mr. the Commissary's "invitation" instead of waiting for the police to fetch me. I climbed a dirty flight of stairs, and seeing a notice on the door "to go in without to knock," I did so. "Your hat," said a grating and disagreeable voice from an invisible throat. I was wondering to whom he could be talking, when an ugly little man with the dingiest shirt-linen I had ever seen bounced up from behind a desk and yapped at me. "Take off your hat!" he said. I did so, and put it on the counter. "Take it off the counter!" snapped the little man. I began to get very nervous now, and to wonder whether I had murdered anybody in my sleep, and was going to hear about it. "I want to see the Commissary of Police," I said. This was not at all true, but it seemed the only way of putting it.

"Koshy"

The little man told me "that Mr. the Commissary of Police was not deranged like that by no matter whom," and I was just leaving the office when an idea struck the fellow, and he said, "Have you an invitation?" I produced it, and was asked by another gentleman, with linen of much the same shade as that of my first tormentor, whether I was myself. I really was not quite myself by now. These police people make you so dreadfully nervous, and the second fellow looked so suspicious as he asked me, that I mumbled and stumbled over my reply.

Then I began to get into trouble. I was asked for my name and address, and was made very uncomfortable because the "Dogs of the Commissary" (that is the technical name for the gentlemen in the dirty linen) made a great show of checking all my answers. I was asked for my birth-place, the names of my parents, the date of my birth, the date of their birth, whether they had been married (awfully rude I thought), and various other items of quite immaterial information. And I felt so like a criminal by now, that when the bigger "dog" said, "L'Affaire Goold," I nearly jumped out of my skin. I knew I had not murdered Mme. Emma Levin, mind you, but it occurred to me that I might have been an accomplice. At all events I felt certain that I hadn't either a blood-stained trunk or a blood-stained kit-bag in the house. There was some consolation in that. I have got a bath-room though, and that might have been considered terribly suspicious, for baths are rather rare in Paris, I believe.

"L'Affaire Goold," yapped the "dog" again. I really must apologise to Fossette for calling the Chien du Commissaire a dog. But there are dogs and dogs, Fossette.

"You sent a telegram——" And then I understood. Some days ago I sent a telegram to Marseilles with a prepaid answer, trying to get some information. This telegram had been impounded by Mr. the Judge of Instruction, and while he would not allow me to get the information that I wanted, he had told all the journalists he had seen of my telegraphic request for it, and all the journalists had expatiated in their papers on the enterprise of the confrère anglais. Some of them had expatiated rather rudely, too. I suppose it occurred to Mr. the Judge of Instruction that if he kept my twenty francs he would give me a peg on which to hang all sorts of nasty remarks about him. He therefore sent them back to me through Mr. the Commissary of Police, and I was going to get them. Mps! Not at once though. I was told that an order on the post office for twenty francs was at my disposal on proof of my identity. I said that my presence there was quite sufficient proof of my identity, as otherwise how should I have known anything about the whole matter? I was nearly put in prison for that. They called it "insulting a functionary in the discharge of his duties."

Eventually I produced my police pass, my Press telegram card, my Paris passport, two letters addressed to me, an indiarubber stamp with my name on it, and

offered to undress and show them the markings on my linen. They said this was not necessary, made me sign a receipt, and delivered up the order on the post office for twenty francs. I had to visit three post offices, and go through all the charms of identification again before I got the twenty francs, but they are back in my petty cash now. A Prince from Siam visited a Paris Commissariat of Police a day or two ago, and spent several hours there. When he left he expressed his surprise at the gentleness with which prisoners were treated. I wish he had seen my troubles this morning. He would have learned something.

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Le Quatorze Juillet

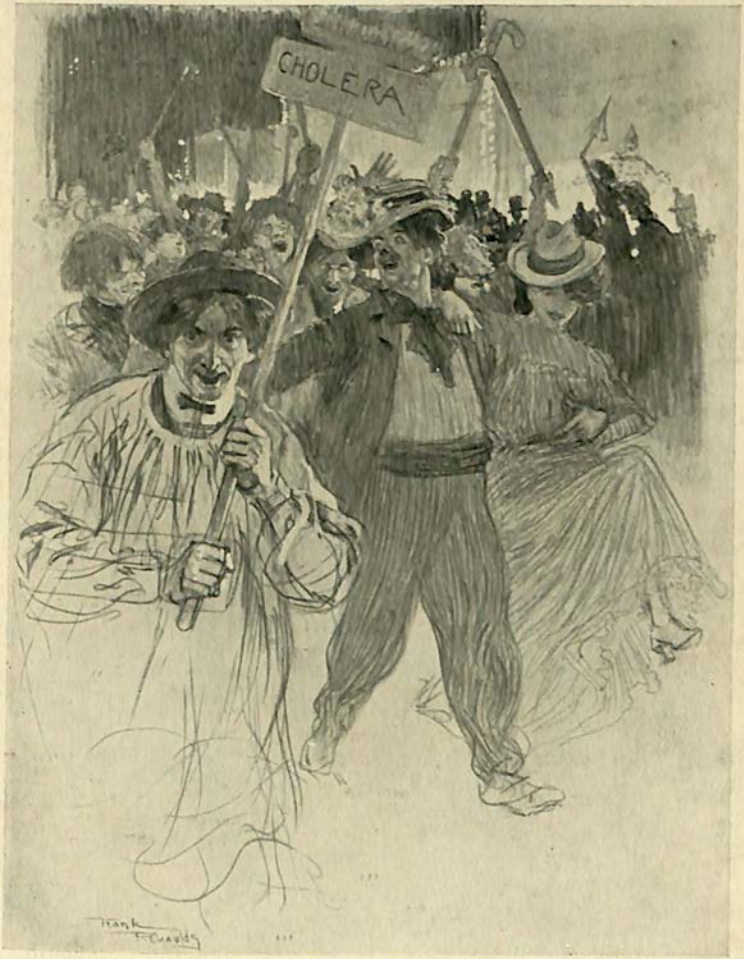
HAROLD and the New Yorker were both violently excited, the former upon general principles, because the prospect of waving a flag and shouting pleased him, the latter because he intended to meet his one and faithful French word face to face at last, go out to the Longchamp Review, and see some Chasseurs d'Afrique in the flesh.

And, though it was only a little after ten, the two of them were, as Mr. Meagles would have said, "allonging and marshonging" up and down the hôtel courtyard, waiting for the Vicomte, Mademoiselle, and me, and, as Harold declared, "veeving" as though to the manner born.

"Come on, come on!" they cried, as we got down the stairs. "Let us get out and see what there is to be seen. The concierge opposite has washed his face, Madame the concierge's dress is entirely buttoned up for the first time since we have been here, and there are paper roses, and a band-stand in tricolour petticoats, out on the Place des Victoires."

And feeling from the announcement of these portents that the day was not to be an ordinary one, we hurried over what Harold *would* call our "caffyolly with milk," and we started.

"I suppose," Mademoiselle remarked, "that the



Le Quatorze Juillet

crowd is most excited on the place where the Bastille once stood, and that they hold rejoicing there over the recovery of their liberties?"

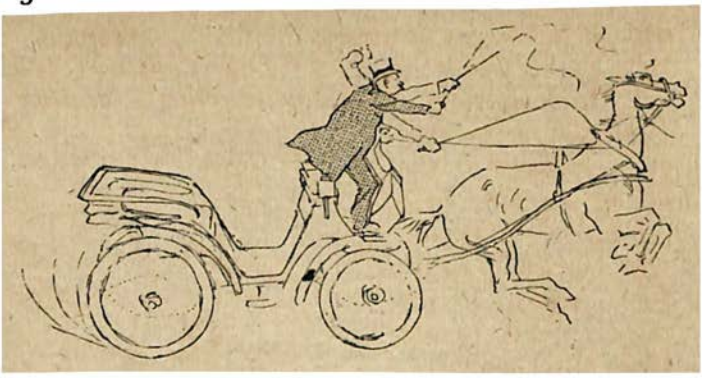
The Vicomte laughed apologetically. "My faith," he said, "I think to-day's Parisian remembers the Bastille because it is the terminus of the omnibus—I beg your pardon, 'bus—from the Madeleine. But never mind; I think that you shall see Paris enjoy herself to-day."

"It would surprise me ir we didn't," the New Yorker said, "for most days look like public holidays to me in this town, and I go about rubbing my eyes and expecting to wake up next morning and find folk settling down to their regular business."

"I make an epigram," the Vicomte said, stopping dead in the centre of the pavement, as is his habit upon such occasions. "The English, do you see, he take his pleasures sadly, the French he take his sads so pleasurably as he could."

"Vive l'Entente Cordiale!" said Harold, and this most irrepressible of mortals seized the Vicomte by one hand and Mademoiselle by the other, and danced out under a tricolour festoon into the Avenue de l'Opéra.

Another party, who had exchanged hats already, and who were playing "Viens Poupoule" on squeaky little mirlitons, seeing some people dancing, promptly danced to meet them, contagion took us all, and there, at about eleven in the morning, Britishers and Parisians danced together in the maddest, most fraternal way



imaginable. "Vive Shamberlain!" was the parting shout of our new friends as they went off, and "Chasseur d'Afrique!" was the New Yorker's cordial retort.

And then we bought a cab and drove out to Longchamp to see the soldiers. Harold sat on the box beside the "koshy," who became very friendly with him and gave him his coat to hold before we got to the Champs-Elysées. He would not let him drive, though, because, as the Vicomte interpreted, Cocotte (the horse) preferred to fall down under her own master's guidance, so, finally, Harold turned round, entwined his legs round the Vicomte's neck, and explained the sights in his own fashion as we went along.

All Paris had turned out in its best clothes, and most of the provinces had come up to town to see all

Paris do it. As we drove past the Elysée, resisting the New Yorker's wish to call on "Looby," as he called the President, we caught sight of crowds of stout gentlemen in evening dress, looking, in the bright sunshine, dissipated but important, who hurried up to the gold gateway to pay their respects to the Chief of the State.

And gradually, as we neared Longchamp, the country-side broke into a military eruption. Municipal Guards in their gala white buckskin breeches, burnished casques, and swallow-tail coats of red and black, fine fellows all of them; dragoons like living sardine tins with hair on horseback, the New Yorker said, "pioupious," the French for "Tommy Atkins," in their sloppy uniforms of blue and red; smart little Chasseurs, and, to the immense glee of one of our party, Chasseurs d'Afrique; Spahis in their flowing robes, Zouaves in their divided skirts, and sailors in *décolleté*, thronged the way more and more, until, when we reached the great racecourse, the huge ground

looked like a flower-bed of tricolour rimmed in with black.

There is no need to describe the Review. It was like others of its kind, and we yelled "Vive l'Armée!" and "Vive Chasseurs d'Afrique!" and "Vive la France!" till we could "vive" no more. Then, having lunched at Armenonville, we drove back into the town, and threw ourselves headlong into the gay delight of popular rejoicing.

I hardly know now what we did or did not do. I know that we lost Mademoiselle three times, and, on the last occasion, found her riding on a wooden pig under the escort of a butcher in a blouse and an eccentric-looking comrade with whiskers and peg-top trousers of corduroy floating in the breeze. Harold was always disappearing and turning up again at the head of cake-walking *cortèges* who cheered "l'Angliche si cocasse" to the echo; and when, after a hasty dinner on a restaurant terrasse, we landed on the Place de l'Opéra, we were all of us well-nigh spent.

For the whole of Paris had become an Earl's Court gone genially crazy. The dancing—there was dancing at every street-corner—had knocked up a haze of dust, the festoons of tricolour flowers were picked out now with Chinese lanterns, the bands brayed gloriously out of tune, and roundabouts and fair-like booths of every kind were everywhere where there was room for them.

An immense lady with a beaming smile came up and gazed on Harold.

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"Madame, come on tally voo!" he cried, seized her round as much of the waist as he could compass, and plunged into the mazy dance. The others of us all found partners, too, and, as we gathered round a café table for a moment's rest, the Vicomte breathlessly remarked to Mademoiselle, "What is, perhaps, most curious about the fête-day is that so few can quite remember why they celebrate it."

Moving Experiences

IN England you have quarter-days, but as I remember them they are not the arbitrary terrors that are quarter-days in France. In France there are two sets of them. There is one quarter-day for the rich and another for the poor. If the rent of your flat be £20 a year or less, you pay your rent and you move in and out on January 8, April 8, July 8, and October 8. If you be a millionaire who can afford more annual rent than £20, your landlord gives you a week's grace, and the 15th of each of the months above mentioned is your quarter-day. I believe that this is what is known as poetical injustice.

Now have you noticed that you not only pay your rent, but that you move in and out on quarter-day? That, in a flat-ridden town, is one of those seemingly small things which, when you come to move, acquire ghastly importance. We all know that the French laws were made for the people by the people. Napoleon Bonaparte told us so, and I suppose he ought to know. But Napoleon Bonaparte in his Code-making days had probably forgotten the days when he took flats himself and moved out of them. Besides, if I remember rightly, Napoleon did his moving mostly by the light of the moon, and in such silence as he could compass. That being so, it never occurred to him that if two people

start moving at the same time in the morning, they and their furniture are likely to meet on the stairs. It was my experience once some years ago, to move my Lares and Penates out of one flat into another, out of which other the former occupant—a lady and dog—were moving theirs. The lady had employed two men to move her things. These men both smelt strongly of sour wine, absinthe, cheap brandy, and the dregs of many bottles. The two men whom I had employed also smelt strongly of the dregs of many bottles, of cheap brandy, absinthe, and sour wine. All four, the lady's men and mine, had the gin and fog voice combination, and all four of them were playfully inclined. So were my dog and that of the lady. When the lady and I had separated the dogs and finished what we had to say to each other, it took us a long time and the assistance of two sergents de ville to sort out our respective déménageurs. While the argument was going on, the people on the floors above it could not get downstairs at all, and the people who wanted to go upstairs had either to use alpenstocks (which did not improve our furniture or the déménageurs) or make a call somewhere else and come back later on. Personally, I slept at an hotel that night. My bed is a nice bed when it is put together; but to sleep on sections of it under a tarpaulin on the staircase landing was a little more than any journalist except a war correspondent could stand.

But there are many other pleasures in moving in Paris which London does not know besides this dainty

intricacy of time limit. There is the gas company. They tell me that the gas company's monopoly was granted by the town of Paris. I have not looked up my data, but when I do so I am sure I shall find the name of his Majesty the Devil, in an easily recognisable incarnation, among the list of members of the council who granted that monopoly. No human mind could have discovered such a simple method of provoking hot blood, malice, and all uncharitableness. I know what you are doing as you read this. You are shrugging your shoulders and saying to yourselves that I am pulling the long bow. If you believe so, come and take a flat in Paris for yourself and try and get the gas put into it. I would wish my bitterest enemy no experience so bitter. The first thing you to do is to write to the company. You do this politely, explaining where your flat is and that you are in a hurry. You then wait six weeks. At the end of six weeks you get angry, and write again—a little less politely than before. You then wait three weeks more. At the end of this time you receive a slip from a gentleman with an illegible signature (all French officials are compelled, by law I fancy, to write their names illegibly), in which you are informed that he is an inspector of the gas company and has called. He further asks you to give yourself the pain to present yourself between the hours of nine and eleven in the morning at an office not more than two miles away from your new flat. You do so. The hours of nine and eleven are very inconvenient, but you go.

In the outer room is a young man in a dirty collar and blue cotton trousers. He is smoking an unlighted cigarette. You take your hat off to him humbly and tell him that you have come to sign your agreement with the gas company. "Ah!" he says, and continues his "smoking" and making patterns in the dust on the window-pane with the end of his little finger. You must never be rude to officials in France, so you wait a few minutes and then tell him again that you have come by invitation to sign your agreement with the gas company. "Possible," he says, "that does not look at me, me." You try what a look from yourself will do, find it quite useless, and go through into an inner office. Here you find a number of gentlemen in lustreen sleeve protectors, all of them busy, to outward appearance. Each one of them passes you on to his neighbour, and when you have been right round the office twice they all get up, tell you that it is luncheon time, and that if you will leave your name and address the inspector will call on you "in useful time." En temps utile is a polite French fiction equivalent to February 31. As everybody has taken off his lustreen sleeves and nobody is taking any account of you, you go. You do not do so hopefully, but you do go. What the proper method or procedure may be after this, I do not know, but I will tell you what I did myself to cut the Gordian knot.

I went down to that office after hours, and I caught the office boy alone. The office boy was a feeble old

man of sixty. I behaved in a very cowardly manner. I roared at him, raved at him, danced round him, all but shook him, made him believe (he was a credulous old man) that all the directors of the company were my personal and intimate friends, and that I was disposed to get everybody in that office cast out of it. Then I gave him two francs and told him that I was a good boy at bottom. I also told him that the inspector without a signature would have ten francs in gold to spend on drink if I got my gas into my flat in two days' time. I added that the said inspector would receive further five francs in silver if he brought me my agreement to sign at my own office between nine and eleven the next morning.

The agreement materialised all right. I signed it. I think it was in nine volumes, and I seem to remember having signed it seventeen times and put my initials to it three or four times more. These, however, are mere details. The deed was done. Then I handed the inspector five francs, and I spoke to him coldly. With an icy calm I told him without unnecessary eloquence that I would deteriorate his face very seriously unless I got my gas in the next day before it was time to light it. I then reminded him that if I did so get it, there would be ten francs for him. Mr. the Inspector put a trembling finger to the side of his nose, packed up my agreement, signature and all, and went. I got the gas next day. I admit that my methods were unconstitutional, but I was able to crow over all my aristocratic friends in Paris who used electricity next evening,

and I will add that I did the crowing just like a rooster from the top of a pile which looked like anything except the decent belongings of a decent man. Of course my troubles were not over yet. But I will come back to them if I may.

At the Sign of "The Sprightly Rabbit"

WE were up in the Other Montmartre again, and stood on the brink of beyond, watching the lights wink in the bedroom windows of St. Denis below us, when the New Yorker cut short a learned disquisition upon the merits and demerits of France's buried Kings by asking the Vicomte whether there was no means of moistening so dry a discourse.

The Vicomte, if I may coin the word, dehistorised himself immediately, set his hat at the tilt it always gets when he knows he is going to surprise us, dived down a dangerous-looking alley, and, with a wave of the hand to a board that creaked over the doorway of a country inn which had apparently taken an air-ship cruise from Kent and dropped out upon Montmartre hill-top, "At the sign of 'The Sprightly Rabbit,'" said the Vicomte. "Behold, we enter." And we did.

We first fell down three much-worn steps into a stone-tiled kitchen, where *la maîtresse de céans*—a fat woman who, as the Vicomte whispered, never left Montmartre because, if once she got down the hill, nothing short of a traction-engine could ever get her up again—was dispensing drinks, helped by a pretty

damsel of the buxom type, who bid fair to eclipse her mother's size one of these days.

But from the room above—that is to say, up four more steps—came sounds of fiddle, clarionet, and of piano, and up those steps we stumbled, the Vicomte first with Mademoiselle, the New Yorker, myself, and Harold following close behind them.

Félix of the "Lapin Agile."

Before we quite got used to the inn parlour's atmosphere—it was low-ceilinged and the vapour of Montmartrian pipes is thick—some one had spotted us, or recognised the Vicomte, rather, for with a shout of welcome, one of the dirtiest men whom I have ever seen shot out of the smoke-haze and seized the small man's two hands in both of his own.

And while the host—for this weird person in the corduroys, the dirty sweater, and the Breton *béret* was Félix, our host—patted the Vicomte and caressed him, murmuring those gurgles of semi-articulate delight which prove the Frenchman's genuine emotion, we had an opportunity of looking round.

Imagine an inn-parlour by the younger and the greater Teniers. Long tables down the centre of it,

at which, on chairs and benches, sit a crowd compared with which the worst-dressed people in the Cabaret des Quatz'-Arts were, as far as appearance went, aristocrats; more tables round the walls, which Félix, dirty but most gifted and versatile of hosts, has decorated with a landscape painted on the whitewash; and in one corner a huge fireplace, sculptured with gargoyles by our host, from which the ashes of last winter's last log-fire occasionally diffuse themselves into the room, to give the atmosphere yet more consistency.

The window-panes are dressed in red-and-white checked petticoats, the door is open to the country, and in a corner are the piano and the orchestra, long-haired and white-faced incarnations of absinthe and wasted talents — the inevitable Montmartre story.

The violinist, a boy with the face of a half-fallen angel, made of putty, has just played a solo, and Félix finishes his patting of the Vicomte, settles us comfortably, and calls to the fat lady in the kitchen to send up *pichenettes*—brown jugs of white wine—for all of us.

"Eh, b'en, l'ami Henri!" he shouts; "recite thou something for us, then," and Henri complies.

As he steps up to the piano and looks round him, it is hard, at first, to say if he be boy or girl. His hair is long and curling, his face is beardless, and, though he is dressed in coat and trousers, they are of the kind a woman would assume for Carnival. He wears no

collar, but, in its place, a black neckcloth is twisted round his throat, fixed by an imitation diamond pin which glitters like an evil eye. Henri throws back his heavy locks, and, with a voice that leaves his sex in doubt no longer, thunders a Ballad of Revolt, a gruesome story of a starving workman's quarrel with the Christ upon the Cross, so startling, so desperate in truth to nature and starvation, and withal so horrible, that I am glad to notice that its precise meaning escapes Mademoiselle.

There is no applause when he finishes, but in a moment it bursts from the audience with a roar, and glasses, *pichenettss*, and pipes clatter on the tables in "un ban" for Henri — Clip-clap-clap! Clip-clap-clap! Clip-clap-clap! Cla-a-ap!—and loud demands for more.

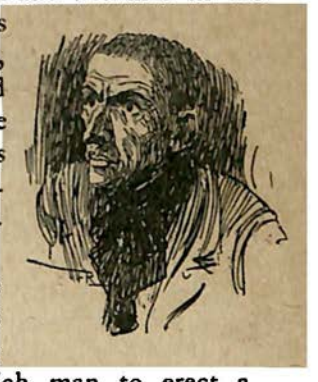
And this time, with a poem of simple suffering, he draws tears from all, and curses from a goodly number, and somehow we begin to realise what kind of man it is that makes a revolutionary outburst both possible and deadly here in France.

Then Félix himself takes the floor, and sings a sentimental ballad of his own, accompanying himself on the guitar. A song of Verlaine's follows, then a comic man whose fun is unoriginal and poor, and then, after a work-girl had sung two songs of the "Annie Rooney" type and been perfunctorily greeted in deference to her sex rather than to her talent, "l'ami Charles" stepped up to the piano. "Chanson de Misère," he said, in a hollow voice which made us

At the Sprightly Rabbit

jump, "Chanson de Misère, et"—his voice softened into sweetness—"de Pitié."

The man's face was of yellow parchment, tightly drawn over two prominent bones and wrinkled in the drawing. His gleaming eyes were set back in their sockets, his black hair clipped his head like a skull-cap, his fingers were mere bones, his dress—and this struck strangely in that company—bourgeois and neatly unobtrusive.



His poem was of a little Breton beggar-child which dies of hunger by the roadside, haunts the tree-tops, and inspires a rich man to erect a hospital. It was just nothing but a tale of misery and all-too-tardy pity, and our hearts ached at the hearing and at the hopelessness of it.

"What does that fellow do when he's not here?" Harold asked Félix through the Vicomte.

"Sells socks and collars at the Bon Marché," was the reply.

Truly no foreigner can know Montmartre.

More Moving Experiences

I HAD been dining with a friend from London, told him that I was moving on the morrow, and asked for sympathy. He laughed. "You have found an empty flat," he said, "so that you can move without waiting for quarter-day. What on earth have you got to do? Get your things taken out of one place and put into another? I should think even a journalist could do that." My friend, I may remark, has the greatest contempt for journalists, because he says they do not tell the truth and never work, except when they play golf on Saturdays. He himself is a stock-jobber. I hope I need say no more.

I believe that there was a certain amount of truth in my friend's idea that moving should have been comparatively simple, but he was reckoning without the playful habits of Parisian landlords. The landlord of the flat that I was leaving started the game. A week before I had given him due notice that, although I had a right to remain on his premises until April 15 at midday, I proposed evacuating them before then. And I had handed him a cheque for the rent, which was received with bows and protestations of the grief he felt at losing me. I did not understand how sorry he was to lose me until some mornings later—the morning of the move. He came upstairs, gazed round at the

dismantled rooms, which looked as though there had been an earthquake in the house, and said, "So you really leave us?" I knew that he had not come upstairs on purpose to say that at seven o'clock in the morning, and, as I had not a chair to offer him, I gave him a cigarette and pointed to the clothes-basket. Then the first bombshell fell. "Of course you know there are the taxes," said my landlord. "Are there?" said I. "What taxes?" But, "qu'est ce que vous voulez que je vous dise, moi, mon cher Monsieur?" cried the little man. "*The* taxes, the impositions, quoi!" I can be rather witty in French when I try, and I made a small joke about imposts and impositions which pleased him. He laughed heartily, took another cigarette, lit it, and then became grave again. "It is, of course, the imposts of 1907," he exclaimed. "Before you leave the house, you will, of course, pay them." "Right," said I. "How much? Have you brought the tax-paper with you?" "Ah, but no," said he. "They have not fallen yet the leaves of the imposts. It is not yet even the spring." This was *his* little joke, so I laughed at it, as politeness ordered. "Well," I said, "I am not leaving Paris, am I? You know where I am going to live, and the taxes will not come to more than a £5 note, at the very outside. The simplest way will be for you to send down to my new address and collect them, when you know how much they are."

The landlord opened his eyes and his mouth wide, threw up his hands, and shook his little bullet-head.

He was aggrieved, he said. He was desolated, he cried of it; but what would I that he should say to me? It was the custom. "Well," I said, "shall I give you £5?" No, that was not his point. His point was that the law compelled me to pay the taxes before I left the house. The trifling fact that I had received no claim for taxes yet, and that I might spend days offering taxes to the French Government offices without the slightest chance of their being accepted, did not influence him in the least. What would I? He was desolated. But it was the law. I asked him what *he* suggested, as we seemed to have got to a deadlock, and one of the déménageurs was hanging round the clothes-basket with a greedy eye. The landlord got up (the clothes-basket promptly disappeared) and raised his hands to heaven. I was his dearest friend, he said. He loved me like a brother. The seven years that I had lived in the house had been the happiest he had ever known, and I must not be angry, but what would I? All that he could suggest was that I should send the déménageurs away, and not move my belongings until the absurd question of the taxes could be settled.

It was regrettable, but what would I that he should say to me? I resisted a very strong temptation to say several things that I felt I should be saying to him before long, and we went at it all over again from the beginning. When I had persuaded him as a favour to take about twice the amount that the taxes could possibly come to, so as to ease his mind, he accepted a

fourth cigarette, and in a gentle voice said, "H'm! Et les réparations locatives?" Perhaps I had better explain what these are. When you go into a French flat, you either spend a fortnight or a month at the hotel at your own expense, and pay money for storage of furniture while you are having the flat put into decent condition at your own expense, or you let the landlord do it for you without charging you.

I will not go into any details, but experience has taught me that the second method is the most expensive. Now, you have probably arranged your flat to suit your own convenience when you came in. When you go out, no matter how long you have lived in it, the landlord has a right to insist that you should put it into its primitive condition. This is what my landlord wanted me to do. "It will not be quite easy," I said, "but I will do what I can." "Je commence!" I took a boot from a passing déménageur, and I broke the kitchen window with it. Then I unscrewed the door-bell and put it in my pocket. "What are you doing, unfortunate one?" cried my little ex-landlord. I fancy he thought that I had lost my wits. I explained that there had been no door-bell when I came into the flat seven years ago, and that the kitchen window had been broken. And I gave him a long list of similar repairs which I was willing to make for him before I left.

He murmured that we English were so practical, and offered to take £20 in lieu of *réparations locatives*.

I told him that I had no wish to buy the house, and that I should not pay so much for it if I had. And for some little time—an hour or so, let us say—we haggled. I do not think that we should have come to an understanding at all if it had not been for those good, if somewhat fearsome-looking angels, the déménageurs. They had taken everything out of the house except the kitchen cupboard, on the corner of which the landlord had perched himself when the clothes-baskes went. He noticed this, and I suppose he thought I was determined to be off, for he gave way and I gave way, and we agreed upon a £10 bribe for which he let me go. Then he shook hands tearfully and departed, and an hour later I was in the new flat, being chased from one room to another by brawny men with heavy articles of furniture. I was just getting tired of the exercise, and was thinking of going to a café and letting them do their worst with my belongings, when my new concierge appeared with a greasy smile and a strip of paper in her hand. I noticed a blue stamp on the paper, and I feared the worst. The concierge (whether to explain the greasy smile or not I do not know) told me that she had come up from her tea on purpose to welcome me. She had lived in Ireland in her youth, she said (she has mentioned the name of the town several times, but I have no notion what it is, except that it is not Dublin), and she had become fond of tea.

Now, when I signed my lease I had paid the usual blackmail to the concierge. French people blasphe-

mously call this imposition "le denier à Dieu." As she had received good gold out of my pocket so recently, and as she would never do anything for it, I thought it just possible that she might have come up to call, and apologised for the absence of chairs. She leaned against the mantelpiece and smiled waggishly. "Monsieur is droll," she said, "but I have come with the receipt." I sighed gently at the absence of trustfulness on the part of the French landlords, unearthed my cheque-book from the washbasin where I had packed it, and drew a cheque for the amount of my next three months' rent. "Ah, no!" she said, "this will not do. I must have it in francs and centimes." The amount was not a very large one, but it was more than I am in the habit of carrying in my pockets, and I said so with some heat.

Then I saw that she was going to raise her hands to heaven, and ask me what I would that she should say to me, and I talked all the French I knew for seven minutes without drawing breath. That frightened her and she went away, but she kept the receipt in her dirty pocket until she had cashed the cheque. Unfortunately, burglars did not break into the house and rob her of the money that night after she got it. She could not take it to my new landlord —or, rather, to his gérant—until next morning, and she gave me the receipt then. But I am afraid that the mere fact of my having given her a cheque, even although it was on a bank not five hundred yards away from the house-door, and though it was cashed without

question, will prove to have destroyed my credit in the neighbourhod. Before I went to sleep that night I caught myself examining my watch, and trying to find out whether this was really the twentieth century.

In Trilby Land

In Trilby Land

"Qu'il fait bon aux rêveurs descendre de leurs bouges,
Et, s'accoudant au pont de la Cité, devant
Notre-Dame, songer, cœur et cheveux au vent!

"DO you remember Verlaine's lines?" said Mademoiselle. "I want to see the students and the Latin Quarter."

"To wish is to command it," said the Vicomte. "I knew that presently you would be wanting to make exploration into Trilby Land. Hélas, he is responsible for much illusion, is ce cher vieux Georges."

"Ce cher vieux Georges" is the late George Du Maurier. I do not think the Vicomte ever knew him, but the fact that Du Maurier was Franco-English *entente cordiale* incarnate makes the Vicomte familiar.

"But oh là là! Look on his picture and the real thing, and you shall see the counterfeit presentment of two Latin Quarters, as has said Jacques Pierre" (Shakespeare), the little man went on. "He has described a Quartier Latin that is not, and never was, for what he tells is Quartier Latin seen through the spectacles of sixty years, and thirty of them English. Ce n'est pas ça. The Latin Quarter that you English know is, if it is at all, Montmartre. But we shall see the real one, is it not? Come then."

And so we crossed the Tuileries and Pont du Carrousel, and plunged down the Rue des Saints Pères, one afternoon as dusk began to veil Seine-side with its pall of grey velvet.

"Street of the Holy Fathers! Holy Gee!" said the New Yorker. "Well, I should smile. Say, Martin Luther would have seven dozen different kinds of fits if he could stroll down here with us."

And it is true that this old part of Paris which has gathered round the neighbourhood of St. Sulpice is the old Roman faith personified in stone and mortar and in the very atmosphere. Even the people wear a different look from those of the modern Paris on the right bank of the Seine. There are more priests about, and, of the men we met who were not priests in dress, many reminded us of the clean-shaven gentlemen in black we read about in Ainsworth's stories of the Charleses, where priests in mufti, velvet-footed and suave, are numerous.

But St. Sulpice was not our goal. So on across to the Boul' Mich', where students are at home.

I do not know exactly what the others hoped to see, but I had visions of modernised Mürger types, of Schaunard, and of de Musset's Mimi Pinson, of students and grisettes, dancing light-heartedly down the Boul' Mich', of hirsute youths battling with strap-loads of books, of artists' models, of—I scarce know what.

And what we did see were endless, broad, bourgeois streets, a very wilderness of grim respectability, with

From a Paris sketch-book.

here and there a student with a pipe, and there a Mimi Pinson, modernised and mercenary.

The Vicomte saw our disappointment in our faces, and steered us deftly into a studio in the Rue de la Grande Chaumière. A lady in the best of health and nothing else was on the platform, and, as we came in, we were greeted with wild yells of "Ponche! Nouveaux!" and treated to a French performance of "le 'ighlan' flingue" by half a dozen crazy mortals in shirt-sleeves and floating peg-top trousers.

The model stood upon her hands and waved her feet at us, righted herself to drink her punch, and called the Vicomte "Good ole geesare." She then requested Harold to "Pull up you' socks, Charle," and told us that she had learned that much English from two men who could not paint well but whose fortunes she had made by posing for them.

And we felt better, somehow, as we left the school. This was a whiff of Latin Quarter as we hoped it would be. It was the only whiff we got though, for Bullier, the Bal Bullier upon which our hopes had hung, proved a delusion and a snare. The only Latin Quarterites we saw there were such distinctly foreign students, and, with a leaven of French gaiety, the whole affair which used to be the Bal Mabille of Trilby Land is now a Kensington Town Hall somewhat Parisianised.

"What has become of the real Bal Bullier?" we asked the Vicomte.

"Alas, my poor friends, it, too, is in Montmartre now, out at the Mill of La Galette. One day we go there." And one day we did, but that's another chapter.

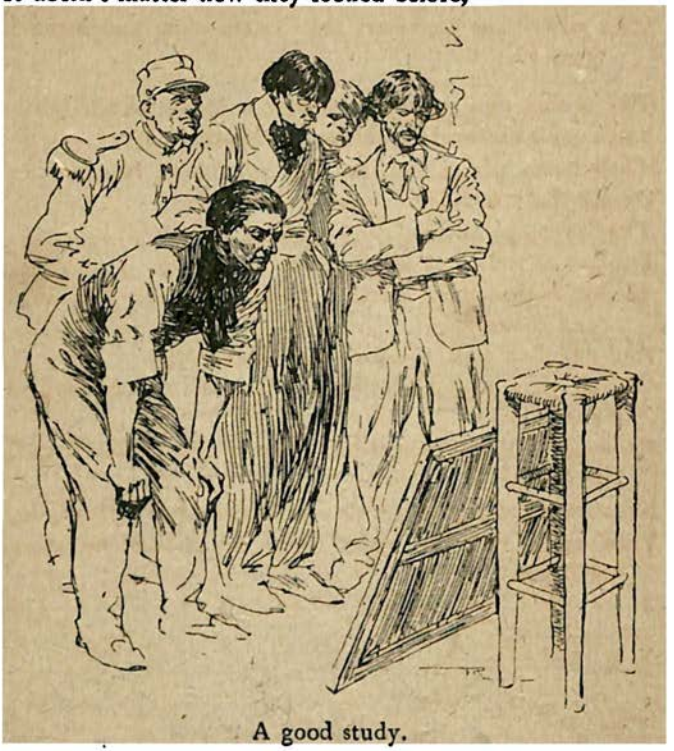
We left Bullier, and, as we were recovering our walking-sticks and Mademoiselle's impedimenta in the cloak-room, we suddenly missed the New Yorker and Harold.

The Vicomte somewhat uneasily remarked that they knew we were bound for La Lorraine, and they would join us there, no doubt, and the reason for his uneasiness was clear when we caught up the flighty pair. There were three of them. They had, it seems, made up their minds to make a little Latin Quarter for themselves, and had responded to the request for their escort down the Boul' Mich' of a timid little lady in an 1830 hat by hoisting her upon their shoulders and marching off with her. They left their interesting parcel under the escort of a *demi-brune* (a glass of beer this, not a black-hared duenna of small stature), and joined us at the Lorraine Tavern.

And here, at all events, was Latin Quarter student-life, unkempt, unshorn, and to a great extent, unwashed. The sight of Englishmen and Americans among them proved too much for the New Yorker, and, to the tune of "Tommy Atkins," which Harold whistled as accompaniment, he broke into a song, as follows:

They leave their homes, and come to study here.
When they leave home, they're spick and span and neat,
Their hair close-cropped, shirts white, complexions clear,

Smart patent-leather boots upon their feet.
It doesn't matter how they looked before,



A good study.

Ere six short months in Paris they have been
Their hair falls o'er their shoulders, terrifying all beholders,
And, alas ! Their linen's anything but clean !
Oh, all ye young art-students, surely this need not be so,
Dirt is not a sign of genius, as surely you must know,

Nor the fluff upon your faces, not that long and unkempt hair
C'est magnifique peut-être, mais ce ne n'est nullement la guerre !

The clothes they wear would scare a Houndsditch Jew,
Their nails are in deep mourning for their sins,
Their boots look as tho' they had ne'er been new,
Quaint fluffy whiskers decorate their chins.
They're happy and enjoy themselves, 'tis true,
But just as well they might enjoy their jokes
If they'd sometimes spend a dollar on a nice clean shirt and collar
And cut their hair and look like decent folks.
Oh, all ye young art-students, when across the seas ye roam,
Remember, you may sometimes meet friends of your friends at home,
Keep attire and person cleanly—take a word of warning do,
Your studies will not suffer much, my friends, no more will you !

Shopping

"SHOPPING," said Hawkins, "is perfectly easy in any language."

"As easy as easy," said his wife, who is an American. "Shopping don't cut any ice anyway."

"Why of course not," said Hawkins. "We are going out now to buy some gloves for Mabel—Mabel is Mrs. Hawkins—and all we have got to do is just to point out what we want and say 'combyang?'"

"That's so," said Mrs. Hawkins, "just combyang, that is all. It is a little bit awkward sometimes, when they start combyanging faster than you can follow; but you get there all right in the long run." "The trayses and the kangses (13s and 15s) are the only real difficulty," Hawkins remarked; "but shopping in Paris is easy enough after all. Come and see if you doubt it."

And so I went with them.

"I want," said Mrs. Hawkins in an airy way, as we went into the shop, "I want to see some long white suède gloves with six buttons, six and a half, and not too long in the fingers."

A little man with a bald head popped round the counter, washed his hands with invisible soap, beamed, remarked: "Bonjour, Madame."

"These foreigners will talk so," said Mabel.

"Bongjewer, bongjewer. I want a pair of long white suède gloves with six buttons, six and a half, and not too long in the fingers."

"Yes," said the little man. "Oh yes. Si Madame veut bien se donner la peine de s'asseoir." And he brought down a chair. Then he washed his hands again, beamed, and asked "Madame désire?"

Now Mabel Hawkins can talk French. She is always ready to explain that she studied it good and hard at college, but that she doesn't care to use it unless she is pushed to it. "In the country, for instance," she says.

"Madame désire?" said the little man again, with great affability.

"Nong," said Mabel, "paddy two." Then, with some firmness: I want to see some long white suède gloves with six buttons, six and a half, and not too long in the fingers. Seese ay. . . ."

"Dammy!" said Hawkins, pointing to a notice in the window—Hawkins is an impatient little man. Here you sir!"—this to the little bald man—"English spoken, confound it! Then why the devil don't you do it, eh, what?"

"Oh yes," said the proprietor of the shop, washing his hands again and beaming more than ever, "Mais comment donc!"

"I shall do no such thing," said Mabel, "bring them here. Resty, nong marcher," she explained. The shop proprietor cleared his throat.

"Mees," he cried, at the top of his voice, and a

little apprentice, a girl of about seventeen, came from behind a pile of summer shirts. "Voici Mees, servez Madame," said the proprietor, and ambled off to other duties.

"I want," said Mabel Hawkins to the girl, "I want to see some long white gloves (suède) with six buttons, six and a half, and not too long in the fingers, and I shall be much obliged if you will serve us quickly, because we are rather in a hurry, and your employer has taken up a good deal of our time as it is."

"Yes," said the girl. Then she said it again to make sure of it, "yes. You weesh ?——"

"Gloves," said Mabel a little nervously. "Gloves. Gong! I thought you spoke English. I want to see some long white suède gloves with six buttons, six and a half, and not too long in the fingers. You *do* talk English, don't you?"

"Ah leetle," said the girl, blushing scarlet.

"But you understand?"

"Oh mais tout-à-fait très bien, madame."

"Very well then. I want to see some long white suède gloves with six buttons, six and a half, and not too long in the fingers."

The girl went away, and was away a long time. Presently she came back again, staggering under a pyramid of green boxes. She spread these all over the counter, opened one of them, and produced a pair of white openwork stockings.

"Nong," said Mabel, with great determination. "Paddy two."

"Zey are ze best," said the girl. I felt perfectly certain that the reason that she had been away so long was because she had been learning that up from a book. "Zey are ze best. Première qualité. Sept francs quatre-vingt quinze."

"Oh Lord!" said Hawkins. "I knew she would begin kangsing before long."

"Sept francs quatre-vingt quinze," said the girl again. "Se-ven, eight-ee fifteen," and she looked hot but triumphant.

"Nong," said Mabel, Mabel was getting really angry. "Paddy two. What's the good of saying you talk English when you don't understand what I want? I want to see some long white suède gloves with six buttons, six and a half, and not too long in the fingers."

"Suède!" said the girl. "Ah mais non, madame. En soie pure, seelk ze best. Se-ven eight-ee fifteen." And she explained with her fingers.

The whole situation was becoming too much for my gravity, and I went off to look at some ties and laugh at my ease. When I returned parcels were being made up, and I thought they looked a little bit bulky for gloves.

"Did you get what you wanted?" I asked.

"Oh yes," said Mabel. "I bought a pair of braces for Eric, a summer blouse, and two pairs of those pretty white stockings."

"But I thought it was gloves you wanted? I had an idea that you wanted to see some long white suède

gloves with six buttons, six and a half, not too long in the fingers."

"You must have misunderstood me," said Mrs. Hawkins, colouring a little.

"I told you shopping was easy enough," said Hawkins, as he pocketed his change.

"Particularly when one speaks French like Mrs. Hawkins," I said quite politely.

Mabel is always out when I call now.

The Moulin Rouge and Supper

"IT is not," the Vicomte explained, "the Moulin Rouge it used to be. In the old time, an English get into a cab and say, 'Er—kesker,' and he is at once drive to the Morgue if it is daytime, to the Moulin if it is evening. But now it is a music 'all, the Moulin, not like the Empire quite, but more so, and le 'igh-kick is put into a little corner, where every one may see it if they wish, but nobody must see it if they do not will."

By the time we had got this explanation disentangled, we reached the Red Mill on the White Place and went in. Then, in the entrance hall, the New Yorker stopped, slapped the Vicomte on the back until his eyelids quivered, and roared out, "Chasseur d'Afrique? By Aunt Maria's whiskers, say, my son, we've not had dinner!"

"That splinters not no ice," chuckled the Vicomte. "We will dine here," and, without stopping to explain, he marched in, and we followed.

Mademoiselle, we found, attracted more attention than she liked, for she was hatless and in evening dress, and all the others of her sex we saw were largely covered as to occiput, and, as the Vicomte whispered, "very much discovered otherwise."

However, this was but a detail, and presently we found ourselves at a small table facing the stage from

behind the dress circle, and, as the curtain rose, the soup was brought.

"I am not sure—if I like—this—at all," gasped Harold, a few moments afterwards. The orchestra was playing "rag-time" music, a gentleman was

standing on his head upon the head of a fat gentleman in tights beneath him and playing pancakes with a boy, and we were munching *maquereau à la maître d'hôtel* in time to "Hiawatha," with one eye on the stage and another on the bones.

"They ought to play slow music for the fish," said the New Yorker. "This kind of thing's more wearing than three weeks' Chicago."

Mademoiselle said nothing. She was too busy taking in the dresses, and the ladies quite inadequately in them, to look at the stage much or listen to what we said, and, perhaps, all things considered, this was just as well, for the fish-bones were rather trying. The centre-piece of the show was billed on the programme as "Lysistrata," and was the wifely episode of the war between Sparta and Athens which appears in unexpurgated histories of Greece. Following it, there came an entr'acte and "le 'igh-kick," which we admired discreetly from the tops of chairs. Then came some very living pictures, and "I want to go to supper," said Mademoiselle, whom Paris by night undoubtedly attracted.

We had not very far to go, and in five minutes ultra-respectful "huntsmen," as they call the uniformed attendants who run messages and keep your hats and coats for you in Paris cafés, were relieving us of our unnecessary garments in the gilded halls of "The Dead Rat," and the Vicomte was ordering a chicken salad and champagne.

Once more we found that Mademoiselle's absence

of hat attracted some attention. In Paris, of an evening, two cherries and a piece of velvet are sufficient headgear, but no headgear, except at the Opéra, is looked upon as odd.

The room was very full and very noisy, and so, as the New Yorker said, were many of the guests. At

one end a crowd of red-coated Tziganes "Bedelia'd" vigorously, with intervals of "Dolly is my Dolly" and such tunes, in which their leader, the first violin, would walk about the room, and play at people, with a view to francs. Everybody was talking and laughing in the key of G, and as loudly as possible, glasses, knives, and plates were clattering, and two young ladies opposite were renewing an innocent expression with various little sticks and a powder puff, which they carried in gold cigarette cases.

We had consumed the chicken salad and ordered in the third bottle of champagne when a lady near us danced into the "cake walk." We laughed and clapped our hands and cheered, and she became excited, told us we were "kinds of English most sympathic," leapt upon a table, and performed *le gigue*, a British dance entirely unknown except in Paris.

The atmosphere was thickening with cigarette smoke and a great variety of perfumes. The noise was such now that a sudden silence would have deafened us. A small man with bright blue goggle eyes, and a dress-

A speech against the Government.

shirt front in accordion pleats, who had been to the races and had backed the winner, was making a long and extremely incoherent speech against the Government.

It was just daylight as we got downstairs.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

Voyez Terrasse!

"And also with amusement rife
The zoetrope or wheel of life."

SITTING over my coffee and fine champagne on the terrace of the Café Napolitain listening to the caissière's shrill cry of "Voyez Terrasse!" and watching the life of Paris pass me, I wonder sometimes whether, when he wrote those lines, W. S. Gilbert had not just come back from a trip to Paris. I also wonder, particularly in summer time, why people, who need not do so, go and shut themselves up in a music-hall after their dinner when there is so much more amusement to be had, and with so much more comfort, outside a café on the boulevards "Voyez Terrasse!" The waiter comes rushing out—felt-footed, white-aproned, more or less clean-shaven, black alpaca-coated—takes your order, disappears, and before he has come back with what you want your entertainment has begun.

A gentleman dressed principally in dirt and an air of great assurance, materialises out of nowhere, takes his rags off and throws them into the gutter, exhibits himself to an admiring public in tights, which were probably red once upon a time, and announces, in a voice which explains the alcoholic reason for his poverty, that he is about to show you the tricks of the

Aissoua Arabs—only more so. Then he produces pins, sticks them into his cheeks, ears, neck, and lips, eats a little glass and burning paper to show that there is no ill-feeling, goes round with a hat to gather half-pence, and disappears again. This was not a very pleasant exhibition.

Two minutes afterwards an artist stops in front of the café. You know he is an artist, because his lank black hair hangs down over his shoulders, he wears a soft felt hat and shabby coat, which must be very hot in summer time, and his trousers are huge zouave bloomers of corduroy. The artist cuts your silhouette out of black paper, and sells it to you for fifty centimes, or for a franc he will give you a crayon masterpiece which he declares to be your portrait. He draws very nearly as large a crowd as the pin and broken-glass gentleman does, and the crowd enjoy the exhibition a great deal more, because they can make pertinent remarks about your features while the artist puts them on paper. Then the artist goes and the star member of the troupe appears. He is a small boy with an impudent face and a roving eye. He has the rim of a felt hat with him which is his stage costume. I do not mean that he wears nothing else, but without the hat he is just plain boy. With it he is an artist, and he tells you so with a precociously hoarse voice and immense volubility. He has learned his patter off by heart, and rattles it so quickly through that you can only catch a word or two of it now and then. With lightning rapidity he twists his hat-brim into different

shapes, and puts it on his head or frames his face with it, explaining that he is imitating Napoleon Bonaparte, M. Pelletan, La Belle Otéro, the President of the Republic, King Edward VII. and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. He never changes his expression for the various imitations because he hasn't time, owing to the patter, and La Belle Otéro has a curious resemblance to M. Pelletan, while his Majesty's likeness to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt or Napoleon exceeds all belief.

In the middle of the small boy's performance, his patter stops, and a frozen look comes over his face. Then he disappears as if he had been swallowed up by the pavement. His rapid exit down a flagstone trap surprises you a little at first, because whatever these street artists may forget, they never forget the collection. And you notice a policeman, an "agent" as the Parisians call him, standing on the edge of the pavement. He has not said anything to the boy. He has merely strolled over from the other side of the road and caught his eye, and pht! the boy has disappeared like a flash of a piece of magnesium wire, but without the smoke. Directly Mr. the Agent has crossed the road again, the small boy is back among us on the terrasse, making his collection. He must often be interrupted, for he has some special patter to suit the occasion, and if the policeman could hear what he says of him, his black trousers would, I firmly believe, become as red as those of a captain in a French line regiment.

You are just preparing to pay and go, when an empty chair next to you, and one on the other side of you, are suddenly caught up by a brawny, tattooed arm, and a young man with big muscles and a brutal face ties himself into knots with them, balances them on his chin, does everything with them except sit on them, and makes free with the café plates as well. He juggles with these, and would borrow an umbrella from you and juggle with that if you were trusting enough to lend it, which for your own sake I hope you are not. The tattooed young man has friends whom he balances on his head and throws about acrobatically too, but the policeman appears once more, and the acrobats murmur something about "a no-heart" and go.

The most wonderful thing about all these performances, to the British mind, has been that the manager of the café has not interfered with them. You are wondering at this, when a bent old woman comes along with a few faded flowers for sale. "Allons, allons," cries the manager. "Passez votre chemin, la mère! There is no room for you here. Voyez Terrasse!"

You see the old woman did not amuse his customers and keep them at the café.

The Moulin de la Galette

The "Moulin de la Galette"

WE had lost Harold. After depositing Mademoiselle's cloak and our canes at the counter, we had been standing at the top of the stairway which leads to the ball-room, when he whispered in a steam-whistle whisper something about his "Cosy Corner Girl" and disappeared with a whoop down the balustrade.

"Shall we, too, plunge into the amazing dance?" remarked the Vicomte, proverbially if incorrectly, and in a moment we were in it.

I was dancing with Mademoiselle, the Vicomte had been captured by a young lady in a transparent blouse with pink ribbons underneath it, and the New Yorker was being shaded from the summer heat under a flopping, feathery hat which tickled the nape of his neck as he and his partner bobbed round together.

And bob they did, and so did we, and so did everybody. Nor, till the wild exhilaration of the music ceased, had we a moment's thought of anything but bobbing, and, when it did cease, every man and woman on the floor stood where they stopped, and sent a long-drawn and shrill scream of "Bis!" (which is encore in English!) up to the orchestra perched in the balcony

above us. Then "the amazing dance" went on again, till every one was out of breath.

Right round the immense parquet-floor a balustrade, two feet above its level. Inside the balustrade, small tables at which drinks were served. At every table

two or four or six, the sexes evenly divided, *chacun* with his *chacune*, and all intensely and vociferously happy.

And then M. Debrey, whose ancestors have owned the Mill since the days when it ground real flour, and was as far out in the country as Poissy is to-day, captured the Vicomte, called him "My old, my good, my little one," kissed him on both cheeks, as people in this country have a way of doing, and retired with him.

A young gentleman of fashion, clad in a grey felt hat, a black frock-coat, a tie like popping seaweed, a dress-waistcoat, an accordion-pleated shirt, and yellow shoes, came up and murmured that he'd like to waltz the "jolie English môme" a bit, if Misters would permit. And the New Yorker, Harold, and myself were left for a short time to our own devices, for Harold had turned up again, breathless but happy, and explained that he had been kidnapped, had danced till he could dance no more, and wanted now to drink or die.

The New Yorker's own device was a plump young lady in a sailor-hat, with a damp pocket-handkerchief and red morocco boots which mounted half-way up a

very shapely calf. There was no doubt of this, because when we admired the boots, she put them on the table for inspection.

She was, she told us, a model, though no one would have imagined it from her behaviour, and, as a proof, she displayed a very rumpled picture-postcard of a Venus rising from totally inadequate sea-waves, which represented her at work, she said. She was extremely anxious to sell us this picture-postcard for a franc, but more, I fancy, so as to make conversation than from a wish for filthy lucre. And, after some ten minutes, when she found that we would neither buy nor dance, she upset two bocks at an adjoining table and departed.

Another dance began. It was a waltz this time, and we three sat at our small table and looked on. The dancing was distinctly varied. One or two people merely waltzed, but these were foreigners. The majority clasped one another round the waist, put their two noses close together, and, with the rest of them at an acute angle, revolved with teetotum swiftness.

And nearly every one in the huge hall was dancing. Not only men and ladies, but ladies together, and occasionally men together, too. Some of the women were quite exquisitely graceful, most of the men made up in energy whatever they might lack in grace, and here and there among the revolving couples were bourgeois pairs who plodded through the dance with serious faces, working extremely

hard, and evidently determined to dance till the music stopped or die.

Debrey and the Vicomte then came back, the frock-coated gentleman brought Mademoiselle back to us, and in the interval before "le kakawak" we learned something of the "Moulin de la Galette's" past history.

A hundred years ago or more, when Montmartre was a country village, and the Rue Lepic a meadow, the Moulin was the home of "le meunier Debrey," a real miller with a flour-covered hat. And, from as far away as St. Denis, the farmers brought their grain for him to grind. The old man's bedroom and the bed he slept in still exist, as do the mill-stones, but the great barn to which the exquisites and the "Lorettes" of former days came out to dance and sup after a country picnic is now the dancing-hall I have described.

The Mill has seen some fighting, and has been battered by German cannon and Communard rifle-balls, and not far from it is the famous wall against which members of the Commune met their death.

Debrey had got so far when the orchestra struck up "le kakawak." Do not, I beg of you, imagine anything so tame as "cake-walking." Montmartre's legs twisted themselves into the quaintest corkscrews, Montmartre's screams would, doubtless, have made the welkin ring if we had had one with us, and the contortions of Montmartre drew from the Vicomte the peculiar explanation that "in the 'kakawak,' the

object was to make so far as possible your topsy be upon your turvy."

And, with the last wild whoop and last orchestral crash, the ball was over, and most of the lights went out. And, as so many of the lights had gone, we went out too.

M. Alcide, Dentists American

THIS is a truthful chronicle of a messy and unpleasant quarter of an hour, and I hope that it may be read in pity and without a smile.

My temper had been absolutely unbearable for four days. A something like a very hot hard-boiled egg had found its way into my jaw, and throbbed without ceasing all day and all night, like the telephone does when the man at the other end won't stop ringing.

"You ought to see somebody," said a friend.

I was extremely rude, and explained where I'd like to see somebody. He was right of course, but that was no excuse whatever. And when you feel as I did, being rude is the only thing worth living for, except shouting at the servant and making your mother cry.

Well, I saw a doctor. He was a Scotsman, whom I shall call Archie, because it is his name. Dr. Archie forgot, I think, that I should be called upon to pay for his visit, or if he remembered that, he did not consider that there was any human kindness included in the price. He did something uncomfortable to me with a spoon (tried to crack the egg, perhaps), then he put on his gloves and told me there was nothing the matter, and I ought to be ashamed of myself for

sending for a busy doctor who lived half an hour's drive away from me.

"Tak' it to a dentist an' hav' it oot!" were Doctor Archie's last words of consolation as he flung out of the room. It occurred to me as he went that doctors occasionally earn their fees with some ease, and I wondered what a doctor with a toothache would be like. Quite invigorating, I should think.

The egg on my jaw was still throbbing, but as I lay and thought things over it occurred to me that perhaps Archie was right. After all, he ought to know more about pain than I do, whether he feels inclined to cure it or not. It might be less serious than I thought, and merely dentist's business. And then I got up, broke a chair to relieve my feelings, got into some clothes, packed my face in cotton-wool and took it to M. Alcide.

M. Alcide is a "Dentists American." I quote this title from his door-plate. From my experience with him I do not think I should feel inclined to call him an American dentist; for, although he has taken a diploma, I feel pretty certain that his only connection with the much-praised American schools of dentistry has been by post. In spite of Archie, I knew when M. Alcide's door was opened from within that I was really ill, for the pain didn't go. A pain anywhere above the shoulder blades that can resist the opening of a dentist's door must of necessity be serious.

I was shown into a wickedly dingy waiting-room and offered a copy of the year before last's *Femina*

to read. I don't read *Femina* even when I am well, and I resented the cheerfulness of the servant. However . . .

"Does it hurt much?" asked a girl sitting in an armchair by the fire.

She was quite a pretty girl, and under other circumstances conversation with her would have pleased me. As it was I said:

"It! Do you mean my tooth or the dentist?"

She told me I was brave to joke when I was in such evident pain. And then we sat and glowered at each other until the door opened and she disappeared into the next room. I heard a shrill voice squeak and mumble something that sounded like "Maman" a few minutes afterwards. As I have said, I believe she was quite a nice girl, but that squeaky mumble was the only thing all day that had given me real pleasure. Then, after an interval, the door opened again, and it was my turn.

M. Alcide asked me to give myself the pain to enter. He was a dapper little person in a tightly buttoned frock-coat. But he had a head and a face like a Bashi-Bazouk. He showed me to the chair of torture, tipped my head downwards in a cowardly and unexpected way, and for a few moments all that I would see was his face upside down and full of black whiskers, meditating over mine.

"Open the mouth," he said.

As I had two of his fingers, a looking-glass, and the end of a pointed thing in it at the time I could not say

much, but if M. Alcide had known what I thought I do not think he would have liked it. Then he tipped me into a normal position, and in a disgustingly self-satisfied way patted my hard-boiled egg as if he had laid it himself.

"That's where the pain is," he said.

I had nothing belonging to him in my mouth this time, and I explained my views with some force. I have a pretty flow of French when I am peevish, and I was peevish then—distinctly. Finally, as I was asking M. Alcide whether he thought I should have come to see a dentist if I was sickening for appendicitis, he motioned feebly to a tumbler with something warm in it.

"Gargle yourself, if you will it well," he said, "and then I will send you to sleep."

A minute afterwards he had got me upside down in that beastly chair again and was trying to put a cork between my teeth. I bit him—and the day contained a second pleasure. Then he rang a bell, clapped the mask with the laughing-gas over my mouth and nose, and two cowards came and held a machine which played "Viens poupoule" into each of my two ears. It was my second kick, I think, which broke M. Alcide's watch. I was very dizzy from the gas, although I had had very little of it, but I explained that I preferred my laughing-gas neat, and that I could hear "Viens poupoule" when I was well and quite as often as I wanted. M. Alcide shrugged his shoulders till I wondered whether he would ever get them disentangled

from his whiskers again. He told me that the English were of an extraordinary ! But of an extraordinary I told him not to worry about ethnology, but to send me to sleep without any corks or phonographs, and get that tooth out. The next thing I remember was that I was listening to a long lecture on my absurd behaviour from M. Alcide. "For pity's sake, man, get to work—don't talk !" I said.

He grinned, showing his tusks through his forest of whiskers, and suddenly producing mine—I mean my tusk, not my whiskers, from behind his back, like a conjuring trick.

"I thank you sir, it is ten francs," he said, "and the antiseptic wash will be four francs seventy-five more."

And as I left the room, I saw his back bend double, and I heard him say, "If mister will give himself the pain to enter !"

"La Chapelle Blanche"

"THE most remarkable thing about Paris?" said Mademoiselle. "Well, I should say it is the comparative absence of the poor. We've been here some time now, and have seen hardly any of them. There are no slums apparently, no Whitechapel——"

The Vicomte raised his hat, his hands, and eyes to Heaven. "Name of a little good man grey, but how you little know of it! Oh, my poor, charming Mademoiselle, on to this tramway! Come."

We whirred along from the Arc de Triomphe, where we had got on board the car, through the Monceau Quarter, where wealthy artists have made a St. John's Wood, minus much, as Harold neatly put it, along the Boulevard des Batignolles—that home of the *petit rentier*, a Paris Brixton—into and out of merry Montmartre, along the Boulevard Rochechouart, the small side-streets and courts off which are redolent, the Vicomte told us, of Gaboriau crimes, and into Belleville.

"'La Chapelle Blanche,' the Whitechapel of Paris," said the Vicomte.

It was about midday, and as, under the guidance of the little man, who knew his way here as unerringly as everywhere else in the town which he loves so well, we plunged into a long, grey street as unlike central

Paris as a slum of Notting Hill might be, the gaunt, grey houses, with uncurtained windows looking like sightless eyes, suddenly belched forth a stream of human beings, oddly garbed and fiercely intent upon food.

The men were dressed in blouses, blue or black or white, wore pegtop trousers of abnormal size, and, in strange discord with the rest of their costume, in almost every case a hard felt hat. The women were in pinafores, and all were in a desperate hurry, for the great bell had clanged the luncheon-hour and they were free until twelve forty-five or one o'clock.

"These people don't look any worse off than our factory hands at home," said Harold, noting that neither men nor women carried the knotted handkerchiefs with their food in them which mark midday in workman's London.

"That I know not," the Vicomte said; "but working Paris gets more luxury for luncheon than working London does. Come, we shall breakfast with them."

Working Paris at Luncheon

We paused a moment while the Vicomte stopped a burly giant in a grimy blouse and asked for information, and presently, after a ceremonious salute, they separated, and we marched down one street and up another, out on to the Boulevard again, and into a restaurant.

The tables were marble-topped, virgin of tablecloths, and not particularly clean. The room, a large one with a tiny kitchen opening out of it, reeked with the odours Dante would have painted had he imagined kitchens in Inferno, and, in and out, among the closely packed and perspiring crowd, were waitresses dressed in the black and white which Duval bonnes have made familiar to us all.

The food was better than it smelt, and cleanly served. A little trickery with the big napkin would hide the foreign matter on the table, and we ate from the little dishes that our meal was served in.

And then we looked around us and observed that few of these workpeople, no matter how frugal their meal might have been—and very few of them spent more than sixpence or sevenpence upon it—considered

luncheon over without a cigarette, a glass of coffee, and a liqueur. This they took leisurely, and, as they left the place, each man, with scrupulous politeness, bowed as he gave his halfpenny to the waiting Hebe.

I have fed frequently in London's cheapest eating-houses, and they contrast unfavourably with Paris, mainly because of the absence of that gentility which here is no pretence, but inborn in the poorest.

"Ha, ha; you say the poorest! Come, then," said the Vicomte.

We walked out, bowing. Harold and the New Yorker cannoned in the doorway, and raised their hats to one another, as they do fifteen times a day since they have been in Paris. We turned down a side street into a smaller one, and stopped aghast.

"These are the homes of poorer Paris—not the poorest," said the Vicomte.

None of us spoke a word, but Mademoiselle borrowed a handkerchief from Harold. She had "been sitting in a draught," she thought.

"And can they—can they live here?" she asked, in a whisper.

"They do it," said the Vicomte.

Conciergeless houses, towering six and seven floors high, but with no waste of space for air and light, as in our tenements at home; stairs which are reminiscent of the foulness of the farmyard and the foulness of the urban gutter, flats—*logements*, the ironic statement of the landlord calls them—of one room or two rooms, and a cupboard which is kitchen in the daytime and,

when the family numbers more than the half-dozen, bedroom at night; no furniture except a wooden bed, a table, a few stools, and possibly a cupboard. And the people!

We had imagined the Parisian. We knew him as the tripper knows him, smiling and leisurely. Here we saw women, men, and children with life's enjoyment steamed right out of them by lack of hygiene in life's hideous laundry. Faces were pale and shiny, eyes too large, and a pathetic attempt over all at cleanliness which brought lumps to our throats.

"The greyness and the horror of it all!" said Harold, and swore deliberately for several seconds.

Mademoiselle looked her thanks, and the New Yorker looked thoughtful.

"On how much do these people live?" he asked the Vicomte, presently.

"Five francs a day, and sometimes, when the mother works as well, on seven. Eight pounds a month, about, and they have usually some six or seven children. I think that we shall do well to go ourselves of it," added the little man, with a quick glance at Mademoiselle, and we got out on to the Boulevard and breathed again.

"No poor in Paris!" sighed the New Yorker.

The Cher Confrère

IT was the middle of the evening, and everybody at the *Gazette de Paris* was very busy.

"Yet a bock, my cher confrère?"

"No thank you, I——"

"But I pray you of it!—Go then! Yet two bocks, Mme. Rosine, and give us not too much of collar thereupon, I pray of you," and Mme. Rosine, with a compassionate smile at the thirstlessness of the Anglichе, placed two more foaming glasses of beer before us.

We were standing at the bar of the *Gazette de Paris*, Ferdinand and I. The *Gazette de Paris* is so little the real name of the paper I am describing that every London journalist who has ever been to Paris and seen anything of the inner life of the newspapers there, will recognise it in a moment by a different name, and will remember bocks and conversations at its bar. The fact of the matter is that every self-respecting Paris paper has its bar, its *billard* (the Paris billiard-table has neither i's nor pockets), or its pet café round the corner, and it is to these places that all the news is brought, here that it is discussed, and here that it is written, when it *is* written, which is by no means always. In many ways the Paris papers are like the famous island where people lived by taking in each

other's washing. The evening papers are manufactured from the items of the morning papers, or in one or two enterprising and isolated cases from items in earlier evening papers of the same day; and the morning papers, in their turn, look for their news to the evening papers of the day before. There are some papers—they can be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and then leave fingers over—which get news in English fashion, but every tradition-respecting Paris confrère looks down on these, and treats them with supreme contempt. "Oh! C'est un journal d'informations, celui-là," he says, and pityingly smiles.

At the *Gazette de Paris*, then, the other evening, we were very busy, and had spent two hours over bocks and pleasant conversation. Every now and then, Mr. the Secretary of the Redaction, a shiny-faced little man without a collar, would rush in and yell madly, and everybody would gather round him, and would discuss some question of internal politics with many adjectives and much gesticulation. This was writing the leader. Mr. the Secretary of the Redaction is the only really busy man on the *Gazette de Paris*, and draws the smallest salary; for it is he who has to collate the news which is sent in by the agencies throughout the evening when they have nothing else to do. Each time that Mr. the Secretary of the Redaction retired again, all the confrères would cluster round Rosine once more and drink refreshing bocks. Then would that dear Anatole play a sport-match with that dear Jules

at cup-and-ball, and the "confrère François" from another paper would show his superiority at the *billard* over the confrère Ferdinand. Work? Oh, yes. Now and then Anatole, or Jules, or Ferdinand, would borrow the English confrère's back a moment as a desk, and scribble hastily, or Jules would write a flaming diatribe against the dirty Government upon a corner of the *billard*, and these documents would be thrust into the hands of Mr. the perspiring Secretary of the Redaction on his next reappearance. Every time that Mr. the Secretary of the Redaction came in, I may remark, he wore a trifle less clothing than before, and as the time for going to press drew near, he became very unclothed indeed. His every appearance was always preceded by sounds of distant strife, and I caught myself wondering whether other dear confrères, still harder worked than those I saw around me, were not hidden in occult portions of the building, and whether they had not resisted his shrieking apparition by tearing off some portion of his clothing when he came in.

The atmosphere in the bar of the *Gazette de Paris* grew thick with caporal, and with the fumes of drinks of various kinds. It grew crowded, too, for dear confrères whose own papers had already gone to press had left their own bars desolate, and come to help their hard-worked comrades through the evening. Suddenly Mr. the Secretary of the Redaction rushed wildly in and threw up both his arms. He was too excited to speak for a moment, and while he was recovering him-

self—I use the word in metaphor—I noticed that the little man was by now barely decent.

"But in twenty minutes shall we pull the paper!" he shrieked, "in twenty little minutes! And one comes from telephoning that there is a railway accident, an accident of the most ter-r-r-r-r-ible. Thirty killed, and of wounded—ah, I know not! Oh, it is a dirty Government! My faith a dirty Government!" (The *Gazette de Paris* is an opposition paper.)

"What to do?" And everybody looked at him compassionately and answered, "Ah, voilà!"

"Anatole, you must write of it. Or you, Jules! Or, stay, you, perhaps, my Ferdinand!" He glanced at his watch—I saw no pocket from which he could have taken it, but I state the simple fact. "Ah! name of a pipe! there is not of time! In nine minutes shall we pull the paper!" And off he rushed again.

"It matters nothing," murmured Jules, and Ferdinand, and Anatole in concert; "it matters nothing. The English papers will be here at seven, and we can translate it all for us from them for the *Gazette* of to-morrow."

If you wish to be informed about any special piece of news of any political import in Paris, you will find it necessary to look it up in two newspapers and strike the average. Here are two specimens of one news item in the style of the two opposite poles of Paris political opinion. Neither specimen is in the least exaggerated, I can assure you.

Panama I. Mobbed by Parisians.

Ah! the shame! Name of a pipe, the shame of it! Panama I., the disgusting scoundrel who sits upon the throne of France, by permission of his fellow convict Monis the Minister of Injustice, and Lépine the unqualifiable, the unspeakable, the grand Turk of the police, who murders of the loyal ones, of true patriots, the children in their beds, has dared, crowned in his hat bumped in, to affront the noses of the Parisians justly indignant.

Ah! but he did well, the unspeakable Loubet. I laugh! From his home of filth in the Faubourg Saint Honoré unto the Place of the Opéra, not all the wretched myrmidons of the murderer Lépine could preserve the chequist Loubet-the-Shamed from the insults, from the disdainful spittings, of the righteously enraged.

Loubet cheered in Paris.

My brothers! France is arisen! Yes, I say to you, from the filth where our patriotard confrères—alas! the word—had thrown her, France has herself upraised, and to-day Paris has to the echo cheered the brave President Loubet as with a smile of infinite sweetness he passes in his carriage to the Opéra through the centre of Paris and the acclamations of the people.

Of police but few! Here and there one, to preserve from the perfervid kissings of his friends Loubet of the Exhibition, Loubet of the people, Loubet—with reverence we say it—Loubet-of-the-old-mother-of-Montélimar.

We hear in the crowd which lines in serried ranks the route old men cry, "Live our President!" and even soldiers, even police, even—with retained breath we say it—automobilists har-

"Traitor! Thy feet stink of the Panama foulness!" cried in an outburst of generous patriotism our confrère X. of the *Patriot*. In two minutes 400 dirty police from the home of infamy in the Place Beauveau (the Home Office), servants of Hennion, the friend of Dreyfus, the stealer from their homes of them who love the Republic, the true Republic, the Republic of—I raise my hat—Paul Déroulède, have seized, have cuffed, have maltreated this brave patriot, who but voices the feelings of all Parisians. He is in the dirt, his hat is as the cover-chief of Loubet, he is muddy! Alas! and this is France! We go with him to the Commissary! Indignantly, "But he cried nothing save 'Vive la République!'" cry we, and he is liberated with excuses. We have, it is true, lied—but it is a lie patriotic! Vive la France!

Loubet-the-Shamed enters dened, cry and kiss each other. It is a proud moment.

A madman, a maniac, an energumen—to all Parisians our confrère X. of the *Patriot* is clearly shown—screams out to the brave President a dirty curse. He is trampled, he is dirty, he is lost! But no! Even to the insect must the police be as fathers! They rescue the disgusting one from the justly angry crowd, who would have scattered his infamous tongue, his dirty hand stained with the money of the foul butcher and tripe merchant of the Chabrol-street in all Paris. He is borne away, and pale, trembling, crying of terror, he is in cab sent home.

Through cheers enthusiastic our Loubet smiling passes. With cheers he enters the theatre of the Opéra, and there with that intelligence which has made the France the sister of our great friend, the Russia, he listens to the music. As all

the theatre of the Opéra, where he will lay a stolen bracelet of diamonds on the feet of the most infamous of the danseuses. All is accomplished.

true patriots, we cry, "Vive Loubet! A bas les patriotards! Vive la Patrie! Vive la France!"

The Reuter's telegram about the incidents above would run as follows: "President Loubet drove up the Boulevards to the Opéra this evening. There was no demonstration of any kind."

And this is how, in Paris, history is written. He is a curious creature, is the cher confrère.

In "The Hall of the Thousand Columns"

WE were a little late in starting, for the Vicomte had not explained what we were going out to see, and "The Hall of the Thousand Columns" had suggested an "Arabian Nights" like entertainment, something like the Opera on a Gala Evening, for which full evening dress was necessary.

"I regret it," said the Vicomte, whom we found in the shabbiest of clothes and the courtyard of the hotel, "I regret it. You have put you the fingers in the eye. All is not cold that glistens, as your proverb says, and 'The Hall of the Thousand Columns' is not so celebrate as you imagine. But she is worth the seeing. Make yourselves more of the people as to costume, and we go."

Paris has the peculiarity so many great towns have, that all its slums are within a few minutes of the glitter and the glare of the extravagance of fashion, and so we were but half surprised, on turning down one short side street from the main artery of the Boulevard, to find ourselves as utterly beslummed as we had been in Belleville.

"We first shall go and find some friends," the Vicomte said. "We shall strangle a parrot, we others, and Mademoiselle shall watch us."

We all began to feel a little bit uncomfortable. This parrot-strangling business sounded unpleasant, and we feared that the Vicomte had been induced by a mistaken wish to gratify what he imagined to be British tastes, to show us the Parisian version of a cock-fight. Harold hinted as much, and the small man, as he invariably does when he becomes excited, faced us in the centre of the pavement and stamped his feet for sheer enjoyment.

"Oh, là, là, là, là!" he cried, wiping the tears out of the crinkles round his eyes. "Strangle ze parrot! Fight ze cock! Name of a Little Good Man Grey! I laugh! I am amuse! You think them sameblable!" Which last word is a specimen of what we call the Vicomte's *entente cordiale* English.

When he recovered, he explained that "étouffer un perroquet" was modern French for sipping absinthe, "because both the birds are green," and, furthermore, that we were going to look up some young Socialists, acquaintances of his, and, with them, to attend a meeting at which Jaurès, the crowd compeller, was to speak.

"And he can speak, my little ones, that Jaurès. You shall hear him. John Burns of Paris, I hear some one call him. Burns! Ah, ma sainte perruque —'my wig,' you say it—I think he does burn!"

The friends of the Vicomte were youthful enthusiasts, low-browed, glittery-eyed, pasty-faced, and downtrodden to look at, and all their companions who sat strangling parrots around them were cast in the same mould.

But they were earnest, if youthful, these socialo-republicans. No "Vicomte" here, and no "Monsieur," but "camarade" and "citoyen" in conversation. Equality, fraternity, and, in as far as manners went, more liberty, perhaps, than was entirely pleasant.

"It is the hour," one of them said, as a clock struck the last stroke of eight. "Allons, then, to the 'Mille Colonnes.' Come, citizens."

A huge, bare hall, with a great platform at one end of it, and round the walls large looking-glasses. A balcony supported by the pillars from which the "Mille Colonnes" got its name, and men and women seated upon narrow benches. A perfect sea of men and women, and all pathetically alike. The Vicomte's friends have interest, it seems, and we are seated well up near the platform, so that we can see both the speakers and their audience.

There are no speakers yet, but ill-dressed men in broadcloth, Deputies of the Extreme Left, the Vicomte tells us, and members of committees are gathering in force, and, early though it is, the body of the hall is full as far as we can see it.

For we cannot see all of it. The huge place is a parallelogram, and badly lighted, so that the pale and eager faces tail off into a sea of misty distance, which billows, for sheer eagerness, in sea-like waves of pasty faces. There is a hum, a roar, and—Jaurès on the platform.

A little man, dressed in ill-fitting, crumpled clothes, with trousers all too short. A shiny, bearded face; the features of a carpenter, square-cut, plebeian, small mechanic in each line of them. His voice, as he begins to speak, is husky, beery almost, then grates like a machine-saw when the edge has slipped. But suddenly it thrills. The man is warming to his subject now. His face glows with the light of his conviction. He strides, as he speaks, up and down the platform, and each point he makes he rams home both with voice and gesture, banging his right fist into the open palm of his left hand with a crash, as though there were a nail upon a board beneath it.

And every point is taken by the eager listeners. They sway to each inflection of that organ voice which grates or soothes and swells as Jaurès plays the anger stop or that of pathos, roar at the laughter-moving portions, listen agape to the instructive parts of the discourse, and, in response to passionate appeal, the huge room full of discontented workers seethes and boils up in wild excitement.

And presently it weeps, for it is listening to tales of misery, and not an eye in the vast audience is dry.

Swift on the pathos comes the call for action, and the

half-hearted cry for moderation and for order. In a moment the human sea is up in spate. Men brandish heavy sticks, the women shriek like furies, the flood of manifestants sweeps up the hill towards the doors, and——

"Let us go ourselves of it," the Vicomte whispered.

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The Inner Man's Temple and Baptiste its High Priest

IT has become a truism to say that, whereas we dine in Paris, we merely feed in London, and the axiom is Baptiste the High Priest's gospel. He will tell you, if you know him well and draw him carefully, that he was once in London, and that it has been a nightmare to him ever since.

An Englishman, in Baptiste's opinion, is a Vandal, who has looked upon the beef when it was red and who eats his butter raw. "With the gigot too, he will take no mustard, so do not offer him of it," he tells his acolytes; and in his heart of hearts, M. Baptiste despises Britishers for that, for the least touch of mustard made with tarragon relieves, this expert will tell you, the mutton of the fatty after-taste it carries with it.

Dinner in the Temple of the Inner Man, over which Baptiste presides, is rather an observance than a meal, and you will notice it immediately you have crossed the threshold; for even if you be a stockbroker, and, therefore, impervious to awe-inspiring feelings, the holy calm in the French restaurant of the first class in Paris will make you give your orders sotto voce.

The napery, the silver, and the glasses, the table decorations too, may not be better or more tasteful

than those of a good restaurant in London, and probably they are not; but, as you take your seat, M. Baptiste glances at two or three waiters, they hurry up upon their noiseless, felt-soled shoes, and though your table was perhaps not laid more than a quarter of an hour ago, everything is whisked away from it, another spotless cloth put down, fresh glasses, plates, fresh silver, and fresh knives, and Baptiste in a whisper inquires whether Madame prefers white flowers or pink.

Baptiste, the High Priest, is as unlike a grill room George as Lady Vere de Vere's whitehaired and venerable coachman is unlike a costermonger on his donkey cart on Sunday. He is tall, clean-shaven, and ascetic-looking, and dresses, when he is on duty in the Temple, in a well-cut dress suit, of shiny black alpaca. His hands are as white and carefully tended as those of a fashionable dentist, and his manner would have filled the much-lamented Turveydrop with envy.

M. Baptiste does not, as George would do, reel off an h-less list of what is on the bill. He lays the *menu* before you as if it were a rite, and glances anxiously at you to ascertain how you have spent your day. "Monsieur is in the mood for soup?" he murmurs. "Crème d'orge aux points d'asperges, then?"

When you have finished ordering your dinner, M. Baptiste reads off the items in an undertone, and if he approves of the menu makes you a little bow. "Monsieur indeed knows how to dine," he whispers. "The dinner ordered is a poem—quite a poem"; and

as the things are served you, you become more and more imbued with the idea that this is no mere meal, but some religious ceremony, over which High Priest Baptiste presides most admirably. You never see him or the attendant priests until you want them, and when you do want them they are always there.

Each course, before they place it on the table, is brought up by a noiseless under-priest in black with a white apron, and introduced to you. If you consider it worthy of further acquaintance, you, as it were, return its bow, and it is served you from a side-table. Baptiste himself brings up the joint, which, as due to the centrepiece of the ceremony, is driven up in its own carriage, which is warmed from underneath by a spirits of wine fire, and which carries nicely-warmed plates on the seats behind in lieu of footmen.

Once and only once have I seen M. Baptiste depart from his usual calm. An acolyte allowed a large mushroom to slip from the spoon and splash a little gravy on to the side of the plate. He looked round guiltily, but did not see Baptiste; and as he had not brought an extra hot plate, he served me the splashed one. Baptiste appeared from nowhere, made a peremptory sign, and plate and waiter disappeared. It was another waiter who came back a few seconds later with the other plate, and we did not see the sinning acolyte again. M. Baptiste himself stood near us as we tasted the mushrooms, and, flushing, asked me anxiously if they were cold. "No, they're excellent," I said. "May God be praised!" murmured the

High Priest; and then, in a low tone of voice so that madame should not hear him, he added, "He is dismissed, the imbecile. He knows not how to serve a dinner." This was of course untrue. The man was there again next day. But the intention was deliciously and cleverly observant.

It is at the psychological moment of coffee and liqueurs that Baptiste shines most. Under his watchful eye the whole table is cleared and a fresh cloth is laid during the instant in which he is inquiring whether we like strawberries iced and *farcies* with one grain of red pepper. "It is an invention of my own," he says, "and brings out the taste. Does Monsieur not agree with me?"

We set his mind at rest about the strawberries, which were delicious, and as he himself pours out the coffee, consults me with a glance as to madame's preference in liqueurs, pours them out into pear-shaped glasslets of the purest crystal, waves one white hand and the table, to use his own expression, "is disembarrassed" of the twenty-seven other bottles.

The freshly-opened box of cigarettes—what becomes of all the broken cigarette boxes, I wonder!—has two cigarettes tipped upwards, so that our nervous systems shall not be jarred by fumbling to get one out, and as the last whiff of my cigarette dies into blue vapour, Baptiste is at my elbow with a choice cigar. "Monsieur approved of these large José Murias when he dined here a year ago," he whispers, "and I have put the box aside for him."

Of course this isn't any truer than the dismissal of the waiter, but it is flattering to my self-esteem, and to preserve the fiction, there is, I notice, just one cigar missing from the box. Here is another mystery. Where do the lower rows of choice Havanas disappear to? They never seem to offer them to customers.

No servants of the Temple—I cannot find it in my heart to call them waiters—are within view as we sip our coffee and our small curaçoa Cordon Rouge; but when I drop a small piece of cigar-ash on the cloth, a clean-shaven acolyte is by me on the instant with a brush and flips it off. I see my wife glancing at the floor for traces of the trap-door. "The bill," I say; and M. Baptiste, appearing as suddenly as though he were a Mahatma from Tibet, evolves it, with the plate on which it nestles, from his inner consciousness, receives the money, and vanishes again.

When we get up to go, the change is on the table. Baptiste materialised it, I suppose; I never saw it come.

And as we leave the restaurant, Baptiste, the cellar-man with his black apron, and the cook in spotless white form up a regiment of three and ask us with an anxious look if we were satisfied. My wife says, "Everything was perfect." I, as lord of creation, give a more qualified assent, and the trio beam their gratitude.

Dining in Paris at a first-class restaurant is a thing to live for.

I find that it enhances my self-respect so much.

"The Order of the Bath"

"YOU people," said the Vicomte, "who live not in your furniture" (the Vicomte meant, who patronised an hotel instead of taking a flat and furnishing it), "you people miss one of the excitations of the life of Paris. But hush then, halte là, they come!" And, with an opera-comical air of mystery, he drew us to one side.

The whole street wore an air of unusual excitement, and the New Yorker said that he had heard that the young King of Spain or Alfred Dreyfus, or some other European celebrity, intended passing through it, while Harold opined that there had been a fire.

Mademoiselle said nothing. She was busy making "goo" sounds to a baby in a more or less liquescent state and the arms of an olive-skinned and black-browed concierge, one of the few good-looking concierges of less than middle age that I have ever seen in Paris.

"Tiens, tiens, Monsieur le Vicomte! Oui, mon trésor, Monsieur le Vicomte qui est venu nous voir, mon goolyoolyoo." And the small baby was dabbed at various portions of the Vicomte, who, it appeared, had lodged with Madame Concierge and who knew her very well. We have yet to discover any group of folks in Paris of whom somebody is not upon the small man's visiting-list.

"But what is going on here, anyway?" asked the New Yorker. And the Vicomte, who loved to teach our friend from oversea the truth about democracy, introduced him with a flourish of his flat-brimmed hat to Madame Concierge.

She waved the baby round him, crowed, and explained, "But it is a bath, Monsieur; and see, indeed, it comes!"

The idlers of the neighbourhood had surged out into the centre of the road, and there were so many of them that we quite wondered at the absence of police. There was a cheer from a small boy who had run down the corner. "It comes, the bath!" cried Madame Concierge, putting back a wisp of black hair and munching one of baby's fists.

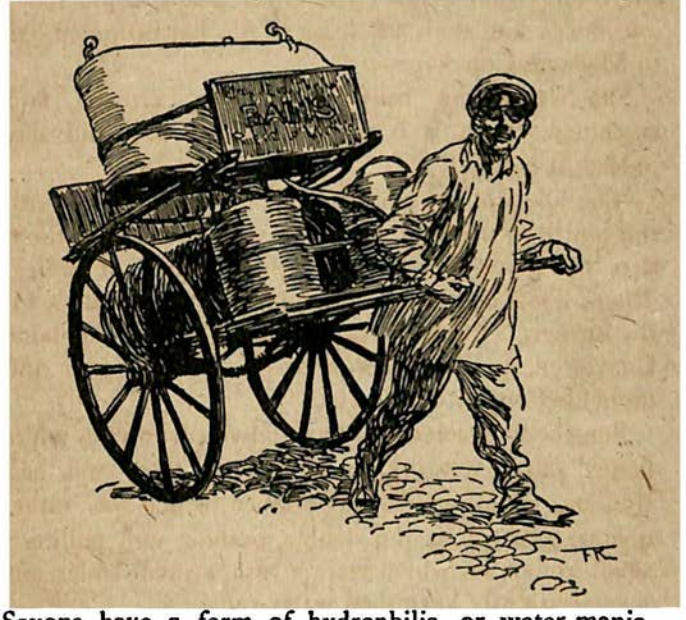
Somebody cheered, and four stalwart fellows in white flannel shirts, wearing, in addition to these and their trousers, an air of self-importance which was rather quaint, came up at the double, pushing and pulling a small trolley, on which were a bath, a small boiler, and several brightly burnished water-cans.

"Et voilà!" said the Vicomte. "Look, then, at them."

And we did look, with some surprise, for all four men were really clean, and none of them appeared particularly proud, which is an unusual combination in Republican France.

"It is a bath, a bath hot, for the *deuzième*" (the second floor) "of No. 96," the crowd repeats, with variations. And there is really quite a big crowd now,

for some wag has put about the story that the bath is Harold's, and that he intends to take it *coram publico*. There is a notion prevalent in France that Anglo-



Saxons have a form of hydrophilia, or water-mania, which makes it difficult for them to resist an opportunity for bathing under any circumstances.

"Come! Go there! Come, my friends, a little more of place, is it not so?" says the foremost of the bath-bearers, with authority, but not unkindly, and, kicking off their heavy shoes, they hoist the bath up on to their stalwart shoulders and go slowly up the stairs of No. 96, in state.

"Monsieur has seen? He, too, has been impressed?" whispered the pretty concierge at my elbow, and dabbed her beaming, olive-coloured face into the pasty baby's, telling him the glories of the function now in process on the second floor, and promising him that he, too, should have a bath when his papa should win the *gros lot* in the Lottery.

The idlers were really fairly fizzling with excitement, and looked as though they thought they might get clean by proxy. They stood round the trolley, open-mouthed, examined the boiler and the water cans, and every now and then detachments of them ran into the middle of the street to see if anything of interest were going on upstairs.

Presently something did happen. The large French-windows were opened by a smart-looking servant girl, in cap and flowing streamers, with cherry-coloured bows on her dainty apron bib. The crowd began to sing the "Marseillaise" in greeting, but Cherry-ribbons tossed her head and closed the outside shutters with a snap. She had no sympathy with crowds. She was one of the world's aristocracy, and, if not in the bath, close to it.

The men came down the stairs again, and filled the water-cans from the small boiler, while the crowd stood

closely round and watched them. Some of the more enterprising offered bets of halfpence on the number of bucket loads needed to fill a bath, but these were not accepted. One does not bet on wild uncertainties in Paris.

Twice were the cans filled and twice carried up the stairs; and then the carriers sat down upon the kerb, and wiped their brows with red-and-blue checked handkerchiefs, for all the world like ordinary mortals who have earned a rest.

"We have the time," said one of them, whom his companions called "the Brigadier." "We have the time, for they are six in family up there. But, name of name, they must be rich! For every fifteen days, they tell me at the *caisse*, they are to have a hot bath. Think of it!"

Mademoiselle, who was most interested in the pretty concierge, had accepted her invitation to enter the loge. And we four men went off for a *vermouth cassis*.

When we came back again, the trolley with the empty bath was being wheeled away and the whole crowd escorting it down to the corner.

"I think," the Vicomte said, "you have no excitation of this kind in London."

Reconstructing the Crime

THERE is a movement, and a strong one, afoot in France now to have this relic of barbarity expunged from the French Code, and it is not unlikely that in the coming Chamber a law may be passed which shall in so far remodel the French laws on criminal offences as to do away with the Juge d'Instruction entirely.

How is it worked? Let me describe it.

"Jules Roquette, *alias* Coco la Purée, you are accused of murder and effraction on these premises," says the Juge d'Instruction with solemnity. "You deny your crime?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Juge."

"But you committed it—you know you committed it on the night of the 11th, at midnight. You it was who murdered Henri Varennes," and an angrily accusing forefinger shoots out towards the wretched Jules Roquette, *alias* Coco, and menaces him as though its owner were a brother of the murdered man.

When a crime has been committed In France, and somebody has been arrested on suspicion, a preliminary examination is made by an official known as the Juge d'Instruction, or judge of evidence.

Accusing judge is what he should be called, for from the first moment that he takes up the case the Juge d'Instruction makes it his business first of all to find a probable criminal, and then to prove him guilty. He is practically omnipotent as regards the prisoner. He examines him in his own private office, confronts him there with such witnesses as he may think necessary, orders him to solitary confinement, and to worse or better prison treatment as he judges fit, and, altogether, until the case has been tried before the judge and jury at the Assize Court, when his report is used as evidence for the prosecution, the Juge d'Instruction holds the prisoner entirely in his power.

This power he exercises in various ways, and one of them is the barbarous custom called the reconstruction of the crime.

The reconstruction of the crime is invariably theatrical, whether the crime be petty larceny or murder.

Henri Varennes, the keeper of a small wine-shop, has been murdered. His till has been emptied and the shop sacked. Neighbours and policemen have accused Jules Roquette, *alias* Coco la Purée, of the crime, and a short preliminary examination convinces the Juge d'Instruction that very possibly Coco la Purée may have done it. That is enough.

On a morning fixed to suit all parties (excepting Coco) the Juge d'Instruction, one or two police officials, and half a dozen journalists gather in the wine-shop. They are accompanied by the Juge

d'Instruction's secretary, whose duty it is to note down everything that happens, although to record properly what is to take place the cinematograph and graphophone ought certainly to be pressed into service.

"You Jules Roquette, known as Coco la Purée, murdered Henri Varennes for his money," cries the Juge d'Instruction, with that accusing forefinger of his brandished in the prisoner's face.

"It is not true," growls Coco la Purée, a sullen, bullet-headed individual of the hooligan type.

"You are lying!" shrieks the judge, in a sudden frenzy of rage, real or pretended, "and I will prove to you that you are lying. The corpse shall be brought in, and you shall be confronted with it. Aha! you tremble, do you, and grow pale! You are afraid to face the mutilated body of your victim, but—you—shall—face it!"

The judge has been walking slowly up and down the room with his back to his prisoner, but as he accuses him of showing emotion at the coming confrontation, he turns sharply on him, and has shrieked the last few words right into the prisoner's face.

Coco, brutal and callous though he is, looks uncomfortable. A nervous man would probably have shrieked

aloud. "Bah! Did I not tell you you were guilty?" cries the Juge d'Instruction in triumph, snapping his fingers under the prisoner's nose. "Bring in the body, and we will make this man confess his guilt."

The body is brought in and carefully disposed close to the counter, where it had been found with a gaping wound across the throat from ear to ear, and a knife sticking in the breast. The murdered tavern-keeper is not a very pleasant sight this morning, for it has taken a full week to catch Coco, and another week for the preliminary examination.

While the body is being arranged exactly as it had been found by the police, Coco has been taken up to the farthest corner of the room with his back towards the body. At a sign from the Juge d'Instruction he is dragged backwards to the spot where the body lies, and turned round suddenly. "Là!" say his tormentor, the policeman, and the journalists in chorus; and half a dozen forefingers are pointed at the ghastly thing upon the floor. "Look, then, at that!" The prisoner shudders.

"Note that movement down," cries the judge to his clerk, "the prisoner trembles with guilty horror."

"Yes," he continues, standing close to Coco; "yes, on the night of the 11th, shortly before twelve o'clock, you murdered this poor man. Do not try to hide your face. Do not turn away. You have committed this crime, and you shall not hesitate to face your victim. Henri Varennes, here, was putting up his

shutters. He was standing at the door—so—where this policeman stands. You slipped into the shop, behind him—policeman, make the prisoner do it—and you closed the door and locked it. Do so! Do so, I tell you, or I will have you sent back to solitary confinement for another week, and then you shall go through your crime again! You struck at the tavern-keeper from behind as he stood there, but your first blow did not kill him. He fell upon his knees, and dragged himself towards you, pleading with upturned face for mercy. Thus!"

A policeman, who is quite a dramatic artist in his way, goes through the scene, while the Juge d'Instruction speaks the lines; and, in spite of the dreadful thing upon the floor, I think of the Polytechnic in the dear old days when dramas were played without a licence there, one man reading from the text while the others acted in pantomime.

"You seized your victim by the throat, threw him upon his back, and slashed that gaping wound upon his throat. Take the knife from the body, Jules Roquette, and let me see you do it again now!"

Coco, ruffian though he is, bursts into tears and pleads for mercy.

"I did not do it: I did not murder him!" he cries; "but, oh, I cannot look at him! I have drunk and played cards with the man, and he is too horrible like this."

The Juge d'Instruction points to the body again. "Reconstruct the crime; it is the law," he says. And

so the hideous comedy goes on, and very likely Coco, if he has any nerves at all, will before long confess his guilt, whether he be innocent or guilty, so as to get away from that grim corpse with its upstaring eyes.

In cases of mere burglary prisoners have been known actually to escape during the reconstruction of a crime, and to get clear away while demonstrating how they got in through a window.

Altogether public, as well as expert opinion is being freely expressed upon the subject of these crime reconstructions, and it is to be hoped that, in the interests of common sense as well as justice, they will shortly disappear entirely from France's Penal Code.

The Mummers' Market

WE had been strolling somewhat aimlessly along the upper reaches of the Boulevards, and got to that part which resembles one of the locks upon the Thames. The pavement runs uphill on either side, and the roadway flows right away beneath it with its stream of traffic, so that, as the Vicomte said, you want but a large hat, a stick, a line, and some explosives (expletives he meant) to think yourself upon the river-side a-fishing.

"Say," said the New Yorker, "but I've got a hundred-dollar thirst, and Mademoiselle here's wilting for sheer lack of liquor."

"I am there," said the Vicomte. "Let us to La Chartreuse, and I show you something."

At first, when we got in, we couldn't make out what there was in La Chartreuse which made it so different from all other cafés. It *was* different. There were the same scratched looking-glasses round the walls, the same whitewashed and fly-walked ceilings other cafés have, marble-topped tables, and, in the centre, the inevitable fat lady perched at the receipt of custom, flanked by decanters of liqueurs and little metal saucers with three bits of sugar on each one of them.

And yet the place was different, and I was wondering why, when Harold suddenly exclaimed, "Why, al

the world's a stage, you cuckoo!" and, following his wondering glance, I realised that every man in the

"Chacun" with his "Chacune."

place was clean-shaven, which here in Paris could mean but one thing.

Of course somebody knew the Vicomte. A Noble Father in a floating cloak flung in magnificent, if rather greasy, folds across his chest and shoulders removed a large felt hat an inch or two to Mademoiselle, replaced it, patted the Vicomte in the way to which

we have now become quite accustomed, only rather more so, and asked him in a voice of thunder how it went.

The Vicomte didn't tell him. He had no time, for Noble Father started monologuing, and all that the Vicomte could slip in was "Strangers distinguished," "Make acquaintance of the camarades," and something else, which sounded vaguely like "They offer drinks."

"I feel exactly as though an angry and perspiring man in shirt-sleeves would rush on and say, 'Clear, please,' at any moment," whispered Harold; and certainly, to see the Noble Father gather up his friends and countrymen from various corners of the café by the mere lifting of an eyebrow, collect a bevy of damsels and duennas, and instal the whole troupe round our table was quite a lesson in stage-management.

On close inspection there was a something lacking in the usual splendour which attaches to the mummer. The ladies were well dressed, and tastily, not tawdrily; but there was an anxious look on the *jeune première's* face when a small drop of absinthe spurted on to a satin blouse which certainly had been cleaned more than once already; the light grey trousers of the Gay Adventurer were somewhat ragged at the edges, and his silk hat, though all the *huit reflets* were there, was rather greasy.

"Yes, we come here," the Noble Father said, "we come here to La Chartreuse, to the Mummers' Market,

"Well, then, I tell them, I"

and we meet with the managers. A manager, or even a particular" ("He means a private," the Vicomte explained), "a person who will give a party will stage an opera, a melodrama, a *comédie de mœurs*, a farce, an anything—he finds his cast at the Chartreuse. It is a tour—we make a company for him; it is a week, a month, a day, it is the same. A few sheets of stamped paper, pens, ink, a little money, *et voilà*, the company is formed."

A young man with a deeply-lined face took off a soft felt hat and flung it on the floor beside him. He ran his two hands upwards through his hair, dropped his chin into them, and "*Tu radotes, mon vieux*—you're drivelling," he said to the Noble Father. "Why shall we pose? These come not to engage; they come to know. Well, then, I tell them, I."

There was a little burst of silence, a stillness punctuated by much eyebrow and eye-play of expostulatory description, but the young man with the seamed face and the deep voice still held the stage in spite of it. "Ours is a life of misery in smiles," he said. "We are the actors who have had engagements, and who ply for hire. Our lives, *hélas*!—three days in this town and three days in that, a summer tour perhaps, and then, somewhere away from Paris, one day, when 'the management regrets.' Oh, how we know them, those regrets! The manager, he talks and talks always. We finger the two francs and the three sous within our pocket, talk of the large indemnity that he must pay us, and wonder where to-morrow's breakfast

is to come from. And we have wives, some of us, children. *Mais elle s'en fiche, la direction.* Then comes the seizure of our luggage, and we are stranded, without clothes and penniless. The Mayor, perhaps, sends us back to Paris, to La Chartreuse. This is our real home. What I have told you is our life, and we must smile to live—smile always."

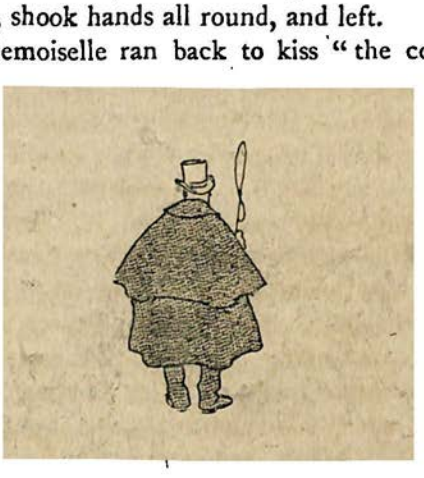
The *ingénue* near me—she was the speaker's wife—was crying quietly, and little rivulets made powder-banks upon her face.

"Who is that melancholy geeser?" whispered the New Yorker to the Vicomte.

"A provincial comic of the most distinguished," replied the little man, with a half sigh.

We paid, shook hands all round, and left.

But Mademoiselle ran back to kiss "the comic's" wife.



When Monsieur Goes A-Travelling

WHEN we cold-blooded Anglo-Saxons go for our summer holiday we go, and that is about all there is to be said about it. But with our friends in France these things are differently managed.

Monsieur has been talking excitedly for weeks about the fatigues of his railway journey, for it is quite a three-hours' trip to the seaside, and half an hour's trip by train to Monsieur is a "voyage." The things he has bought fill seventeen trunks, the soiled clothes basket, which has been pressed into the service, a striped tent which is to be used to bathe from, and twenty-seven parcels of quaint shapes and sizes wrapped up at the last moment, in English newspapers.

This is the only season of the year at which your Parisian fails to appreciate the Paris newspaper. He does not read our newspapers. He uses them to pack in, for French newspapers have a way of dribbling sand-shoes, shrimping nets, and costumes of the bath along the station platform, and Monsieur, or rather, Madame, son épouse, appreciates the firmer texture of the *Times*. As he explains to me, he cannot read a line of it, ah, my faith, no! but he appreciates its usefulness for packing purposes, and brown paper

on this side of the Channel is a thing practically unknown.

Monsieur has said good-bye to all his friends, for no Parisian ever travels, even to Neuilly (which is about as far as Bayswater would be from Charing Cross, in London) without settling his affairs in case he should not return. He has told "that dear Jules" and "that good Gustave" that he is going on a voyage and will not come back for a month. He has been running up and downstairs from his fourth-floor flat to the hall doorway since 6 o'clock that morning and, finally, he has shaken Charles the concierge warmly by the hand and left a trifle in it. Madame has kissed Mme. Charles warmly upon both cheeks (for are we not beneath the Republic?). Monsieur, Madame, the little Anatole, Julie the maid, the twenty-seven parcels of quaint shapes and sizes, and the clothes-basket holding provisions for the journey are packed into the little station omnibus, the seventeen trunks are piled up outside it, and the inhabitants of the Rue Chaptal are all at their doorways and their windows to witness the departure.

"Ah! Mon Dieu! Name of a little good man! Name of a pipe! The striped tent has been forgotten!"

Monsieur darts out of the omnibus, his plump legs in their light coverings of grey alpaca quivering as he runs, rushes into the house and up the stairs, and presently returns triumphant.

"I have it, I!" he cries, digging the coachman in the

ribs with one end of the tent-pole, and all but putting Mme. Charles's eye out with the other end. "Ah! but I counted! Forty-five parcels were we, without to count you, my child (this to Madame) Julie, and le petit Anatole! Let us go then, my children! So! en route!" And Monsieur squeezes himself into the omnibus, and waves his hand to the crowd assembled in the street. There is no cheer—French people do cheer—but the shout of "Go then, good voyage, to the re-seeing of you!" could not be heartier if the journey were an expedition to the polar regions.

"Think of it, then! Three hours in the train, and it makes hot to-day!" And Mme. Charles uses a grimy pocket-handkerchief, either to wipe away a tear or perspiration, I am not sure which.

Monsieur in the omnibus is happy. He pinches Madame's ear, and calls her "Little cabbage darling"; he promises the little Anatole that he shall catch the monsters of the deep, and as his wife is taking her farewell glance at the Rue Chaptal the bad man winks at Julie.

The journey to the railway station is an uneventful one, for the horse does not fall down more than two or three times, and presently they get there—not before, however, Monsieur has counted over all his money for the seventh time, and has disposed of it in various portions of his clothing, so that "the pickpockets Angliches" at the station shall not get hold of it all at one fell swoop. His tickets have been taken days ago,

and Monsieur has "made démarches" to have a carriage with a lavatory reserved in the train for himself and his party. His money is carefully bestowed; the forty-five parcels—not including Madame, Julie, and the little Anatole—are all on or in the omnibus; he knows where his tickets are, and his red ribbon of the Legion of Honour has been arranged to the best advantage on his grey alpaca coat, so as to inspire the porters with respect.

Everything is in perfect order. And yet within two minutes of his arrival at the station Monsieur is in the wildest state of excitement, and, if he had any, would tear his hair out by the roots. He disappears in a wild throng of blue-bloused porters; he loses first Madame, then each of the forty-five parcels, then Julie and the little Anatole, and then the clothes basket. He very nearly starts for Germany, and only the presence of mind of the white-capped station-master, who drags him out of it by his alpaca coat-tails, prevents him from embarking with his family for the shed into which the empty carriage which he tried to board is presently to be stowed.

At last Monsieur and his beloved ones, with a great many of the parcels, are placed securely in the right compartment. Monsieur, with a contented sigh, throws his broad-brimmed Panama into the net above him, and, after wiping his pink head, covers it with a skull-cap of grey silk. Madame buttons herself into a long alpaca dust-cloak and pulls a brown veil well about her face, and Anatole takes some Boer soldiers from his

trousers' pockets and sets them up to kill imaginary Kitcheners.

"Name of a name!" shrieks Monsieur suddenly, "the tickets!"

He nearly swallows his cigar (it is an expensive one, costing at least three sous, for Monsieur on his holidays likes to smoke a good cigar), bends out of the window to unhook the lower handle of the door, and rolls head-first on to the platform—for the door had not been closed yet—and with excited prayers to all and sundry to "Hold back the train until I shall return myself!" he scampers off to where he registered the luggage, for the missing tickets must be there, he thinks.

They are not there. He had them in his hat. The alpaca legs come twinkling back again, and Monsieur, helped by two porters and the station-master—for he is a Knight of the Legion, is Monsieur, and therefore worthy of respect—climbs back into his carriage, gasps out "I have them!" and smiles once again.

"Go then, are we there?" exclaims the station-master, suddenly becoming very angry with the guard on general principles. "Are we there, then? See, then! Let us hurry ourselves a little, Name of a name!"

The guard and the porters slam the doors; an Englishman who had jumped down to buy a paper is captured, told some unpleasant truths about Sir Chamberlain, and hustled back into the wrong carriage; the station-master whistles, the guard blows a thing like a small fog-horn with the asthma, the engine shrieks

despairingly, the chief of the station removes his white-topped cap and cries " Good voyage " to Monsieur, and the train moves slowly and majestically out.

"Sky !" exclaims Monsieur to his startled spouse a moment afterward, "Grand Ciel ! The Tent ! "

But he will not know until their journey's end whether or not the striped tent, in which his soul so glories, has been left behind.

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